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A JOURNAL FOR READERS, PUBLISHERS, LIBRARIANS, ARTISTS, AND ART-MANUFACTURERS, AND BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

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WE have a gratifying announcement to make to our friends. THE CRITIC has been adopted by the *Law Property Assurance and Trust Society*, as the organ for making known to the public the peculiar objects, plans and uses, as well as the proceedings of their Institution,—in many respects new and important. *For this purpose a copy of THE CRITIC will henceforth be regularly sent, free of charge, to every Public Reading-room in the United Kingdom.*

It is obvious that this will make THE CRITIC a medium for Advertisements and the diffusion of Literary Intelligence, such as Publishers and Authors cannot elsewhere find.

Frequent double numbers will more than compensate readers for the space occupied by the Society.

N. B.—This extends only to PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS, and not to the Reading Rooms of private Proprietors.

PHILOSOPHY.

The Ministry of the Beautiful. By HENRY JAMES SLACK, F.G.S., of the Middle Temple. London: Bentley.

THE conception of this book is excellent: in the form of a series of imaginary dialogues, the author has sought to evolve, not merely the presence of beauty everywhere, but its holy influence upon the human mind, the important part it fills in the scheme of creation. Natural scenery is the instrument that has suggested to him, when in contemplative mood, reflections which he has sought to express and diffuse through the same medium as was selected by ISAAC WALTON for his country thoughts, which, because they are natural, never grow old, but enjoy an eternal spring. Mr. SLACK, however, has not the freshness and originality of old *Isaac*: his powers are not in themselves equal to his aspirations; but what he has done, he has done well. He tells us that the idea of the book was suggested by Sir HUMPHREY DAVY's *Last Days of a Philosopher*, but he has chosen different subjects, and treated them after his own fashion. The conversations are fifteen in number, each on a different theme; their general character will be understood by the titles of two or three of them:—"Footsteps on the Sand;" "A Journey by Night;" "The Beech Wood;" "A Winter Landscape;" "A Rocky Scene in Summer." The dialogue fairly and naturally grows out of the occasion, and it is not altogether undramatic, and it has the great advantage of admitting a variety of opinions, sentiments and ideas, without disturbing the continuity of the composition, and an argument thus first becomes more readable, and to many more intelligible. It is vastly preferable to the formal essay for discourses such as this, where the object is not a continuous argument, but, as it were, the talking about a subject, giving utterance to the emotions which it excites, and permitting of diversity of manner, tone and idea, a privilege of which Mr. SLACK has liberally availed himself.

Mr. SLACK has the soul of a poet—he *feels* the beautiful; he dearly loves nature in all her aspects because she is beautiful in all. His senses and his mind combine to give him delight: each is suggestive to the other—the eye ministers to the ear, and both appeal to the heart:

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter.

"How suggestive," he exclaims in the dialogue on "Ocean Melodies," "are certain forms of sounds." And then, pursuing the train of thought, he says of

SUNSET OVER THE SEA.

E. If we tarry a little while, we shall behold a sunset on the ocean,—a sight worth traversing a kingdom to see.—L. There could not be a finer place for it than this wide bay, bounded on either hand by rugged rocks and beetling cliffs.—E. How finely the sands glow in the amber light, what a beautiful purple gleams on the crests of the tiny waves!—L. The mixture of purple, gold, white, and grey, is most magical and unexpected.—E. The colours have changed as if by the moving of a fairy wand.—L. The thin mists and clouds are traversed by the solar rays at diminishing angles, and their passage through varying thicknesses of vapour in different states produces the variety. Were it not for water in the world, light could not display one tithe of its beauty. The remotest star whose beams reach our globe, would shine with a very diminished splendour did a perfectly dry atmosphere surround a parched world.—E. One universal tint of clear deep blue, is very beautiful for a time; but I should not like to dwell in a cloudless land,

I hope clouds will not be banished from any "Islands of the blest," to which my soul may roam.—L. Nor do I desire a perpetual day. Even were I capable of unceasing action, did my frame need no repose, I should still long for morning, noon, and night, with the alternation of sensation and emotion, to which they give rise.—E. It is delightful to think that even a light stream of vapour on earth's surface, should strengthen the connexion between distant worlds. On a clear night, when the heavens are full of transparent moisture, with what moving living brilliance the stars and planets shine! It seems as though their spirits were descending to hold converse with men.—L. Such nights in a wide wild country, almost restore the astrologer's antique faith. The science of our own day has disproved much, and the sceptical spirit has denied more; but times are not wanting, when, to imaginative minds, the stars assert their influence on the affairs of men. All existence is bound together by chains of mutual subservience. Independence, which would be isolation in a creature, does not exist.—E. How much of the thoughts of the present day, of its religion and philosophy, is derived from the starlight, which fell ages ago upon the plains of Palestine!—L. Concerning those orbs, what revolutions have taken place in human opinion! they have been deities, subordinate rulers of destiny—mere candles of night—their spiritual influence exaggerated, denied; but they have gone on quietly shining in their eternal spheres contributing in grateful and thankless times to man's happiness and advancement.—E. See, the sun's orb now touches the distant wave; it seems a bridal between light and ocean—a happy union of fire and its great antagonist. It is no quenching of its splendour; but a retirement into a bridal chamber, whose closing portals shut out vulgar gaze, while the rich after-tints are like an ample largesse bestowed upon an admiring crowd.—L. Now Twilight steps across the wave, spreading her thin grey veil over all the scene. This is a witching time by the sea. Sharp outlines are melted into air, a living, moving character is given to inanimate objects.—It is a thrilling time, not unmixed with terror. Look at yon headland: does it not seem like a huge monster, with gigantic head resting on folded paws, a creature fit to startle fearful action in the fabled twilight of the gods?

Equally true and beautiful are these remarks on

THE ART OF SEEING.

E. Learning to see is one of the first lessons of infancy, and it is never fully acquired; for, in this life, to step beyond the cradle is not given, even to the wisest of our race.—L. How differently do we behold the simplest objects of nature! What gradations from the lowest to the highest mode of vision—from the rude clown to the philosopher, the artist, the poet! Even elementary sensation seems infinite in the knowledge it can convey. The highest man gropes in gloom among regions which to loftier being, would glow with resplendent light.—E. Light and love seem omnipresent elements, although we often lack the power to discern them.—L. Those who love most know most. To the true worshiper Nature exhibits beauty and sublimity, while to the irreverent is barrenness and vacuity. Two men may live on the same spot, one dwelling in an Eden garden sparkling with fountains, odorous with the loveliest flowers, full of celestial sounds, while the other is in a desert, the abode of uncleanness and desolation. In proportion as a man develops beauty within, does he find it without.—E. The human soul is as a seed sown in the world. It contains within the germ of the flower and the leaf, but from without must come the means of nourishment and growth.—L. Now we seem to have left a deep narrow lane, and to have emerged into a wide open country. How delicious is the night breeze, bringing with it the feeling of unbounded extent!—E. It is a heath wind; we scent the fragrant herbs.—L. How wisely the wild flowers select their home! I would rather trust the fern, the wild thyme, or the harebell, than the forest tree to choose me a dwelling-place.—E. The breeze is rich with perfume. The herbs and flowers hang their odours on the moist air like votive offerings in the temple of the Night.

There is evidence of a thinking mind in the following description of the distinction between

INTELLECT AND FAITH.

E. Whence arises the difference between intellect and faith?—*L.* No mind can remain in a mood of faith, until all faculties are harmonized by the habit of acting well together. Faith stimulates inquiry, inquiry ends in conviction or renunciation. No man can believe that which he does not understand, and men must try to understand that which they believe.—*E.* Is not that a contradiction in terms?—*L.* Not if belief and understanding are rightly comprehended. Belief is the assent of any faculty, understanding is the perception which any faculty has of the relation which subsists between any idea, and that which it has previously recognised as true. We can believe much which we do not intellectually understand, but nothing that is palpably an intellectual absurdity; otherwise the mind would at once believe and disbelieve the same thing, which is impossible.—*E.* People often think great truths intellectual absurdities, and therefore reject them. Is not this an evil?—*L.* Doubtless so far as imperfection is an evil, but the evil is not in the rejection, but in the not understanding. No harm can result from rejecting a truth when it is really believed to be a falsehood by the whole soul, but great mischief arises from stifling the evidence which some faculty would receive in its favour. The human mind at each step of its progress can only take in a certain amount of truth, and if it does take in all that it can, it deserves no blame for rejecting the rest. There can be no truth essential to man's advancement which some faculty could not induce him to believe.—*E.* Is belief purely involuntary? Have we no control over what we believe?—*L.* Each faculty must, by the law of its nature, believe that which comes properly evidenced to it; but the will is not idle. It can determine under what aspect a truth shall be viewed, whether or not it shall be brought within the cognizance of certain faculties, or, to speak more correctly, in what mood the mind shall contemplate it; but it is not omnipotent even for this. There are many minds that do not seem able to act in all moods, just as there are instruments that cannot perform in all keys. No two men can believe *precisely* alike, because no two receive *precisely* the same evidence, any more than they can both receive the same rays of light; and were the evidence exactly the same, it would be addressed to different minds in different states, and could not possibly produce *precisely* the same result; but from the fact that all men are made according to one type, there must be agreement on general subjects sufficient for purposes of social combination.

With these passages we must take reluctant leave of Mr. SLACK and his *Ministry of the Beautiful*.

HISTORY.

The Fawkes's of York in the Sixteenth Century: including notices of the Early History of Guye Fawkes, the Gunpowder Plot Conspirator. Westminster: Nichols.

A SUCCESSFUL endeavour by an enthusiastic antiquarian to trace the family of the immortal Guy. Now, as this is a matter of the smallest possible importance to the world, we should have done no more than announce its publication as a fact in the passing history of literature, but that the genealogist has introduced some incidental matter of real curiosity, discovered in the course of his researches, and which will at least amuse our readers.

It seems that one HENRY FAWKES was, in 1522, appointed to the office of sword-bearer to the Corporation of York. His immediate predecessor had been forced upon them, and the following occurrence is recorded in the annals of the city.

On the 8th of January, 1518, a grant was made of "the office of sword-berryng, or sword-bearer, before the maier," to one Robert Fournes, servant unto the Lord Cardinal Wolsey, then Archbishop of York and Chancellor of England. Although the corporation did not venture to refuse the cardinal's request, their subser-

vience was not entirely satisfactory to the citizens. Within a few weeks after the appointment of Fournes, he had to complain that upon St. Blaise Day, when he was discharging his duty at the election of mayor in the common-hall, a person called Richard Hessilwode addressed him thus:—"Maister Fournes, what doo ye here? There is not oon in this hall that herafter will company with you, or anythyng will doo for you. There is not one in this citie that luffeth my lord cardinall or you, or any other that longeth to my lord cardinall." It does not appear that Hessilwode incurred any censure by his insolent language. It is probably that he only expressed the general feeling, and that the lord cardinal's servant soon discovered the appointment of a stranger to a civic office to be unpalatable to the community, for he did not long remain in the service of the corporation.

In a note we have some entries from the Corporation Books.

CORPORATION COSTS IN 1522.

On the 12th September, 14th Hen. VIII., it was determined by the Lord Mayor and his brethren in council, "that Henry Faux, sword-bearer and capteyn of the city towards Scotland, shall have of the chambre as follows:—

Imprimis, toward his jakket of Sattan, xxs.
Item, ij. crossys of cremesyn velvet, ij. rosys and ij. lybardes [leopards] of gold.
Item, for the makynge of the capteyn jaket.
Item, for standard berez jaket, vis. viiiid.
Item, for the jaket of Robert White, pety capteyn, vis. viiid.

Of the same civic dignitary we find it recorded, at a later date, when he was near seventy years old, that

On the 13th of March, 1549, it was agreed by the Lord Mayor and his brethren in council "that at such tyme as Henry Fawkes, sword-bearer, haith surrendered his pattent whiche he hath therof under the seal of office, that ymmediatele after the said Henry Fawkes and Raynald his son shall have a joynte patten of the said office, with the fees accustomyd, to them and the longer lyver of them, under the seal of office, doyng diligent sute at all tymes accordinglie: also the said Henry Fawkes shall, in consideracion abovesaid, make a sufficient estate of a parte of his landes to the value of xli. by yere unto the said Raynald his son and his heires." In the month of April, 1552, when the city was infected with that frightful epidemic the sweating sickness, it was agreed by the council "that Reginald Fawkes, one of the common officers of this citie, being now visited with the sykenesse, shall have weekly xxd. of the chambre unto such tyme as x. be renne."

The renowned Guye was, according to register, baptized April 16th, 1570. Of the origin of his name our author thus discourses:

The special circumstance to which Guye Fawkes owed his somewhat uncommon baptismal name, which does not appear to have been borne by any other member of the family, can now only be a matter of conjecture. In the sixteenth century the name of Guye had acquired considerable popularity in the neighbourhood of York, which probably originated in the reputation of Sir Guye Fairfax, of Steeton, in the Ainsty, who was Recorder of the city in the reign of King Edward IV. and afterwards one of the Justices of the Court of Queen's Bench. Sir Guye Fairfax died about the year 1500, and his Christian name was retained by his descendants in three successive generations. A list of the substantial householders in the Ainsty, in the reign of Elizabeth, gives the following examples:—Guye Frankland, Guy Hardestie, and Guy Conesby, of Nether Poppleton; Guy Marshall, of Bilbrough; Guy Calvert and Guy Thackwray, of Moor Monkton; and Guye Jackson, of Bishorthorpe. The immediate predecessor of Sir Guye Fairfax in the office of Recorder of York was Sir Guye Rocliffe, of Cowthorpe, Knight, afterwards one of the Barons of the Exchequer, and from him the name of Guye was carried into another ancient and influential family connected with the city of York.

This is the short account of

GUYE'S YOUNG DAYS.

It was his unhappy lot to be deprived of paternal

care and guidance in the days of his boyhood. The loss of his father, who was cut off in the prime of life, leaving a widow but scantly provided for, with the sole guardianship of three young children, of whom Guye was the eldest, cannot fail to have operated unfavourably upon the habits and disposition, as well as upon the fortunes and prospects, of a youth who had not completed his ninth year. To this event we may attribute the unfortunate circumstance of his not having been brought up to any particular profession or employment. It would appear, however, that his early education was not neglected. Fuller informs us that the eminent Bishop of Durham, Thomas Morton, whose father, Richard Morton, was a mercer in York, "was bred in York school, where he was schoolfellow with Guy Fawkes," and Strype, in his "Life of Sir John Cheke," relates that Sir Thomas, the eldest son of Henry Cheke, "was bred in a school at York, where he had two memorable schoolfellows, though of different inclinations and reputations. The one was Morton, Bishop of Durham, an excellent and most learned prelate that wrote much and well against the papists; the other Guy Faux, infamous to posterity for his unparalleled popish zeal and villainy."

Misfortune seems to have marked him for her own, for while his uncle left a large fortune to his sisters, he cut off poor Guy with a pair of sheets.

A few years after his father's death he sustained the loss of another near relative who might have stood in the place of a parent to him. In the year 1558 his uncle Thomas Fawkes died, leaving by his will the bulk of his property, which appears to have been considerable, to his two nieces, Elizabeth and Anne Fawkes, and giving to their brother but a trifling legacy: "I bequeathe to Guye Fawkes my nephewe my golde ryng and my bedde, and one payre of shetes with th'appurtenances." In no other way is Guye Fawkes noticed in his uncle's will, nor is the name of his mother once mentioned in it.

His subsequent life, before history takes him up, is thus narrated.

In the early part of the year 1591, Guye Fawkes completed his twenty-first year, and acquired the uncontrolled power of disposing of the real property which had devolved upon him as heir of his father. The estate was not of any considerable extent or value. According to his own account, "his father left him but small living, which he spent." The documents already referred to show us how he proceeded to deal with his paternal inheritance. The earliest of them is a lease dated the 14th of October, 1591 (33rd Eliz.), the parties to which are, "Guye Fawkes of Scotton in the county of York gentleman," and "Christopher Lomleye of the city of York taylor." By this instrument Guye Fawkes demises to Lomleye for the term of twenty-one years, at the annual rent of forty-two shillings, "one barne and one garth on the back side of it," situate in Gillygate in the suburbs of the city of York, and several parcels of land lying in the fields of Clifton (a township contiguous to the city), containing about four acres and a half, of which Lomleye was then the occupier. One of the subscribing witnesses to the deed is "Dionis Baynebrigge."

The next of these muniments bears date the 1st of August, 1592. It is an absolute conveyance from Guye Fawkes, who is now described "of the city of York gentleman," to "Ann Skipseye of Clifton in the county of York spinster," of a farm-house with a garth and garden and about six acres and a half of land, being the whole of his property at Clifton except that which he had leased to Lomleye. The price he received from Anne Skipseye was no more than the sum of 29l. 13s. 4d. It is from this deed that we learn the interesting fact of Edith Fawkes's second marriage. The estate having descended to Guye Fawkes in consequence of his father's intestacy, was by law subject to his mother's right of dower, and he was, therefore, bound to protect the purchaser from that incumbrance, and on conveying it to Ann Skipseye he covenants with her that she shall not be troubled by any claim on the part of "Edith, the late wife of Edward Fawkes deceased, mother to the said Guye Fawkes, and now wife to Dionis Baynebrigge, gentleman."

The signature of Guye Fawkes to all these documents is in a clear and delicate character, and on the seal appended to one of them, though the impression is nearly effaced, the figure of a bird is just discernible, apparently a falcon, the crest used by the family of Fawkes of Farnley. It may be no discredit to the mother of Guye that she was unable to write her name at length. Her signature is a not very successful attempt to inscribe her initials, E. B. in roman capitals.

The remainder of his career belongs to the History of England, and will be found there.

MEDICINE.

Domestic Practice of Homœopathy. By P. T. CURIE, M.D. 3rd edition. London: Aylott and Jones.

WHATEVER the intrinsic merits or demerits of Homœopathy, it has certainly succeeded in firmly establishing itself in the profession and among the public. That its fundamental principles are true, and the broad outlines of its practice correct, few thinking persons will be disposed to doubt. Whether it has not gone too far, and pushed its aversion to allopathy to an opposite absurdity, is a question which only time and experience can determine. There is a test that might be applied, and which, in so important a matter, ought to be investigated, for it would be worth all the treatises that have been written on either side, in defence or in attack—out of 1,000 patients treated by allopathy, and the same number by Homœopathy, how many recovered; how many died?

The real advantage of the new practice, as it seems to us, lies in the almost total abstinence from *medicine*, and substituting for it *regimen*. This is nature's remedy, and, although it has always been recognised by the best physicians, such has been the popular prejudice in favour of *medicine*, that they dared not act upon their own views, but were driven to drugs in self-defence. The Homœopaths have done the great service to society of shaking the public faith in drugs, and practically in substituting regimen for them, and this is the secret of their success.

For that reason we like the little volume before us. We do not care for its recipes, but its maxims for treatment are sensible and excellent. The master or mistress of a family will find here full instructions for managing diseases, with the medicines to be applied; but we should be sorry to see reliance placed upon any book for the cure of acute diseases. Where these appear the presence of a skilful medical man is indispensable. The other forms of disease may be treated according to the directions here given.

Cases illustrative of the Cure of Consumption and Indigestion. By G. CALVERT HOLLAND, M.D. London: Orr and Co.

We noticed, a short time since, Dr. HOLLAND's theory of the physiology of scrofula and consumption, and the treatment which he recommended as the deduction from his theory. In this little volume he describes numerous cases, which go to prove the correctness of his views.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Autobiography of Leigh Hunt; with Recollections of Friends and Contemporaries. In 3 vols. London: Smith, Elder and Co. 1850.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

An article having appeared in *The Examiner* severely reflecting on the Prince Regent, another prosecution was commenced, and this time with more success. LEIGH HUNT was convicted and sentenced to two years' imprisonment! On reading the alleged libel, one wonders what there could be to justify such severity. *The Times* has more violent attacks on the Government every day. This is his account of

HIS IMPRISONMENT.

We parted in hackney-coaches to our respective abodes, accompanied by two tipstaves apiece. They

prepared me for a singular character in my jailor. His name was Ives. I was told he was a very self-willed personage, not the more accommodating for being in a bad state of health; and that he called everybody *Mister*. "In short," said one of the tipstaves, "he is one as may be led, but he'll never be *drawn*."

The sight of the prison-gate and the high wall was a dreary business. I thought of my horse-back and the downs of Brighton; but congratulated myself, at all events, that I had come thither with a good conscience. After waiting in the prison-yard as long as it had been the ante-room of a minister,—I was ushered into the presence of the great man. He was in his parlour, which was decently furnished, and had a basin of broth before him, which he quitted on my appearance, and rose with much solemnity to meet me. He seemed about fifty years of age. He had a white night-cap on, as if he was going to be hung, and a great red face, which looked ready to burst with blood. Indeed, he was not allowed by his physician to speak in a tone above a whisper. The first thing which this dignified person said was, "Mister, I'd ha' given a matter of a hundred pounds, that you had not come to this place—a hundred pounds!" The emphasis which he had laid on the word "hundred" was ominous. I forgot what I answered. I endeavoured to make the best of the matter; but he recurred over and over again to the hundred pounds; and said he wondered, for his part, what the Government meant by sending me there, for the prison was not a fit place for a gentleman. He often repeated this opinion afterwards, adding, with a peculiar nod of his head, "Mister, they know it." I said that if a gentleman deserved to be sent to prison, he ought not to be treated with a greater nicety than any one else; upon which he corrected me, observing very properly (though, as the phrase is, it was one word for the gentleman and two for the letter of prison-lodgings), that a person who had been used to a better mode of living than "low people," was not treated with the same justice, if forced to lodge exactly as they did. I told him his observation was very true; which gave him a favourable opinion of my understanding; for I had many occasions of remarking, that he looked upon nobody as his superior, speaking even of the members of the royal family as persons whom he knew very well, and whom he esteemed no more than became him. One royal duke had dined in his parlour, and another he had laid under some polite obligation. "They know me," said he "very well, Mister; and, Mister, I know them." This concluding sentence he uttered with great particularity and precision. He was not proof, however, against a Greek Pindar, which he happened to light upon one day among the books. Its unintelligible character gave him a notion that he had got somebody to deal with who might really know something which he did not. Perhaps the gilt leaves and red morocco binding had their share in the magic. The upshot was, that he always showed himself anxious to appear well with me, as a clever fellow, treating me with great civility on all occasions but one, when I made him very angry by disappointing him in money amount. The Pindar was a mystery that staggered him. I remember very well, that, giving me a long account one day of something connected with his business, he happened to catch with his eye the shelf that contained it, and whether he saw it or not, abruptly finished by observing, "But, Mister, you know all these things as well as I do." Upon the whole, my new acquaintance was as strange a person as I ever met with. A total want of education, together with a certain vulgar acuteness, conspired to render him insolent and pedantic. Disease sharpened his tendency to fits of passion, which threatened to suffocate him; and then in his intervals of better health he would issue forth, with cock-up-nose and his hat on one side, as great a fop as a jockey. I remember his coming to my rooms about the middle of my imprisonment, as if on purpose to insult over my ill health with the contrast of his convalescence, putting his arms in a gay manner a-kimbo, and telling me I should never live to go out, whereas he was riding about as stout as ever, and had just been in the country. He died before I left prison.

The word *jail*, in deference to the way in which it is sometimes spelt, this accomplished individual pronounced *gale*, and Mr. Brougham he always spoke of as Mr. *Braffam*. He one day apologised for this mode of pronunciation, or rather gave a specimen of vanity and

self-will which will show the reader the high notions a jailor may entertain of himself. "I find," said he, "that they call him *Broom*; but, Mister," (assuming a look from which there was to be no appeal) "I calls him *Braffam*." Finding that my host did not think the prison fit for me, I asked him if he could let me have an apartment in his house. He pronounced it impossible; which was a trick to enhance the price. I could not make an offer to please him; and he stood out so long, and, as he thought, so cunningly, that he subsequently overreached himself by his trickery, as the reader will see. His object was to keep me among the prisoners till he could at once sicken me of the place, and get the permission of the magistrates to receive me into his house; which was a thing he reckoned upon as a certainty. He thus hoped to secure himself in all quarters; for his vanity was almost as strong as his avarice. He was equally fond of getting money in private, and of the approbation of the great men whom he had to deal with in public; and it so happened, that there had been no prisoner above the poorest condition before my arrival, with the exception of Colonel Despard. From abusing the prison, he then suddenly fell to speaking well of it, or, rather, of the room occupied by the Colonel; and said, that another corresponding with it would make me a capital apartment. "To be sure," said he, "there is nothing but bare walls, and I have no bed to put in it." I replied, that of course I should not be hindered from having my own bed from home. He said, "No; and if it rains," observed he, "you have only to put up with want of light for a time." "What!" exclaimed I, "are there no windows?" "Windows, Mister!" cried he; "no windows in a prison of this sort; no glass, Mister; but excellent shutters." It was finally agreed that I should sleep for a night or two in a garret of the jailor's house, till my bed could be got ready in the prison, and the windows glazed. A dreary evening followed, which, however, let me completely into the man's character, and showed him in a variety of lights, some ludicrous, and others as melancholy. There was a full-length portrait in the room, of a little girl, dizzed out in her best. This, he told me, was his daughter, whom he had disinherited for her disobedience. I tried to suggest a few reflections, capable of doing her service; but disobedience, I found, was an offence doubly irritating to his nature, on account of his sovereign habits as a jailor; and seeing his irritability likely to inflame the plethora of his countenance, I desisted. Though not allowed to speak above a whisper, he was extremely willing to talk; but, at an early hour, I pleaded my own state of health, and retired to bed. On taking possession of my garret, I was treated with a piece of delicacy which I never should have thought of finding in a prison. When I first entered its walls, I had been received by the under-jailor, a man who seemed an epitome of all that was forbidding in his office. He was stout, and very thick, had a hook-nose, a great severe countenance, and a bunch of keys hanging on his arm. A friend stopped short at sight of him, and said, in a melancholy tone, "And this is a jailor!" Honest old *Care*! thine outside would have been unworthy of thee, if, upon further acquaintance, I had not found it a very hearty outside—ay, and in my eyes, a very good-looking one, and as fit to contain the milk of human kindness that was in thee, as the husk of a cocoa. To show by one specimen the character of this man—I could never prevail on him to accept any acknowledgment of his kindness greater than a set of tea-things, and a piece or two of old furniture which I could not well carry away. I had, indeed, the pleasure of leaving him in possession of a room which I had possessed; but this was a thing unexpected, and which neither of us had supposed could be done. Had I been a prince, I would have forced on him a pension; being a journalist, I made him accept an *Examiner* weekly, which he lived for some years to relish his Sunday pipe with. This man, in the interval between my arrival and introduction to the head-jailor, had found means to give me further information respecting my condition, and to express the interest he took in it. I thought little of his offer at the time. He behaved with the greatest air of deference to his principal; moving as fast as his body would allow him, to execute his least intimation; and holding the candle to him while he read, with an obsequious zeal. But he had spoken to his wife about me, and his wife I found to be as great a curiosity as himself. Both were more like the

romantic jailors drawn in some of our modern plays, than real Horsemonger-lane palpabilities. The wife, in her person, was as light and fragile as the husband was sturdy. She had the nerves of a fine lady, and yet went through the most unpleasant duties with the patience of a martyr. Her voice and look seemed to plead for a softness like their own, as if a loud reply would have shattered her. Her health had made her a Methodist, but this did not hinder her from sympathizing with an invalid who was none, or from loving a husband who was as little of a saint as need be. Upon the whole, such an extraordinary couple, as apparently unsuitable, and yet so fitted for one another; so apparently vulgar on one side, and yet so naturally delicate on both; so misplaced in their situation, and yet, for the good of others, so admirably put there, I have never met with before or since. It was the business of this woman to lock me up in my garret; but she did it so softly the first night, that I knew nothing of the matter. The night following, I thought I heard a gentle tampering with the lock. I tried it, and found it fastened. She heard me as she was going down stairs, and said the next day, "Ah, sir, I thought I should have turned the key so as for you not to hear it; but I found you did." The whole conduct of this couple towards us, from first to last, was of a piece with this singular delicacy. My bed was shortly put up, and I slept in my new room. I was on an upper-story, and stood in a corner of the quadrangle, on the right hand as you enter the prison-gate. The windows (which had now been accommodated with glass, in addition to their "excellent shutters") were high up, and barred; but the room was large and airy, and there was a fireplace. It was intended to be a common room for the prisoners on that story; but the cells were then empty. The cells were ranged on either side of the arcade, of which the story is formed, and the room opened at the end of it. At night-time the door was locked; then another on the top of the staircase, then another on the middle of the staircase, then a fourth at the bottom, a fifth that shuts up the little yard belonging to that quarter, and how many more, before you get out of the gates, I forget: but I do not exaggerate when I say there were ten or eleven. The first night I slept there I listened to them, one after the other, till the weaker part of my heart died within me. Every fresh turning of the key seemed a malignant insult to my love of liberty. I was alone, and away from my family; I, who to this day had never slept from home above a dozen weeks in my life. Furthermore, the reader will bear in mind, that I was ill. With a great flow of natural spirits, I was subject to fits of nervousness, which had latterly taken a more continued shape. I felt one of them coming on, and having learned to anticipate and break the force of it by exercise, I took a stout walk by pacing backwards and forwards for the space of three hours. This threw me into a state in which rest, for rest's sake, became pleasant. I got hastily into bed, and slept without a dream till morning. By the way, I never dreamt of prison but twice all the time I was there, and my dream was the same on both occasions. I fancied I was at the theatre, and that the whole house looked at me with surprise, as much as to say, "How could he get out of prison?" I saw my wife for a few minutes after I entered the jail, but she was not allowed on that day to stop longer. The next day she was with me for some hours. To say that she never reproached me for these and the like taxes upon our family prospects, is to say little. A world of comfort for me was in her face. There is a note in the fifth volume of my Spenser, which I was then reading, in these words: "February, 4th, 1813." The line to which it refers is this:—

"Much dearer be the things which come though hard distresses."

I now applied to the magistrates for permission to have my wife and children constantly with me, which was granted. Not so my request to remove into the jailor's house. Mr. Holme Sumner, on occasion of a petition from a subsequent prisoner, told the House of Commons that my room had a view over the Surrey hills, and that I was very well content with it. I could not feel obliged to him for this posthumous piece of enjoyment, especially when I remembered that he had done all in his power to prevent my removal out of the room, precisely (as it appeared to us), because it looked upon nothing but the felons, and because I was not con-

tented. In fact, you could not see out of the windows at all, without getting on a chair; and then, all that you saw was the miserable men whose chains had been clanking from daylight. The perpetual sound of these chains wore upon my spirits in a manner to which my state of health allowed me reasonably to object. The yard, also in which I took exercise was very small. The jailor proposed that I should be allowed to occupy apartments in his house, and walk occasionally in the prison garden; adding, that I should certainly die if I did not; and his opinion was seconded by that of the medical man. Mine host was sincere in this, if, in nothing else. Telling us, one day, how warmly he had put it to the magistrates, and how he insisted that I should not survive, he turned round upon me, and, to the doctor's astonishment, added, "Nor you, Mister, will you." I believe it was the opinion of many; but Mr. Holmes Sumner argued otherwise; perhaps from his own sensations, which were sufficiently iron. Perhaps he concluded, also, like a proper old tory, that if I did not think fit to flatter the magistrates a little, and play the courtier, my wants could not be very great. At all events, he came up one day with the rest of them, and after bowing to my wife, and piteously pinching the cheek of an infant in her arms, went down and did all he could to prevent our being comfortably situated. The doctor then proposed that I should be removed into the prison infirmary; and this proposal was granted. Infirmary had, I confess, an awkward sound in my ears. I fancied a room shared with other sick persons, not the least fitted for companions; but the good-natured doctor (his name was Dixon) undeceived me. The infirmary was divided into four wards, with as many small rooms attached to them. The two upper wards were occupied, but the two on the floor had never been used; one of these, not very providently (for I had not yet learned to think of money) I turned into a noble room. I papered the walls with a trellis of roses; I had the ceiling coloured with clouds and sky; the barred windows I screened with venetian blinds; and when my bookcases were set up with their busts and flowers, and a piano-forte made their appearance, perhaps there was not a handsomer room on that side the water. I took a pleasure, when a stranger knocked at the door, to see him come in and stare about him. The surprise on going from the borough, and passing through the avenues of a jail, was dramatic. Charles Lamb declared there was no other such room except in a fairy tale. But I proposed another surprise, which was a garden. There was a little yard outside the room railed off from another belonging to a neighbouring ward. This yard I shut in with green palings, adorned it with a trellis, bordered it with a thick bed of earth from a nursery, and even contrived to have a grass-plot. The earth I filled with flowers and young trees. There was an apple-tree, from which we managed to get a pudding the second year. As to my flowers, they were allowed to be perfect. Thomas Moore, who came to see me with Lord Byron, told me he had seen no such heart's-ease. I bought the *Parnaso Italiano* while in prison, and used often to think of a passage in it, while looking at this miniature piece of horticulture:—

Mio piccolo orto,
A me sei viqua, e campo, e selva, e frato.—*Baldi.*

My little garden.
To me thou'rt vineyard, field, and meadow, and wood."

Here I wrote and read in fine weather, sometimes under an awning. In autumn my trellises were hung with scarlet runners, which added to the flowery investment. I used to shut my eyes in my arm-chair, and affect to think myself hundreds of miles off. But my triumph was in issuing forth of a morning. A wicket out of the garden led into the large one belonging to the prison. The latter was only for vegetables; but it contained a cherry tree, which I saw twice in blossom. I parceled out the ground in my imagination into favourite districts. I made point of dressing myself as if for a long walk, and then putting on my gloves, and taking my book under my arm, stepped forth, requesting my wife not to wait dinner if I was too late. My eldest little boy, to whom Lamb addressed some charming verses on the occasion, was my constant companion, and we used to play all sorts of juvenile games together. It was, probably, in dreaming of one of these games (but the words had a more touching effect on my ear), that he exclaimed one night in his sleep, "No, I'm not lost; I'm found." Neither he nor I were very strong

at that time; but I have lived to see him a man of forty, and wherever he is found, a generous hand and a fresh understanding will be found together. I entered the prison the 3rd of February, 1813, and removed to my new apartments the 16th of March, happy to get out of the noise of the chains. When I sat amidst my books, and saw the imaginary sky overhead, and my paper roses about me, I drank in the quiet at my ears, as if they were thirsty. The little room was my bedroom. I afterwards made the two rooms change character when my wife lay in. Permission for her continuance with me at that period was easily obtained of the magistrates, among whom a new-comer made his appearance. This was another good-natured man, Lord Leslie, afterwards Earl of Rothes. He heard me with kindness; and his actions did not belie his countenance. My eldest girl (now alas! no more) was born in prison. She was beautiful, and for the greater part of an existence of thirty years, she was happy. She was christened Mary, after my mother, and Florimel after one of Spenser's heroines. But Mary we called her. Never shall I forget my sensation when she came into the world; for I was obliged to play physician myself, the hour having taken us by surprise. But her mother found many unexpected comforts; and, during the whole time of her confinement, which happened to be in very fine weather, the garden door was set open, and she looked upon trees and flowers. A thousand recollections rise within me at every fresh period of my imprisonment, such as I cannot trust myself with dwelling upon. These rooms, and the visits of my friends, were the bright side of my captivity. I read verses without end; and wrote almost as many. I had also the pleasure of hearing that my brother had found comfortable rooms in Coldbath-fields, and a host who really deserved that name as much as a jailor could. The first year of my imprisonment was a long pull up-hill; but never was metaphor so literally verified as by the sensation at the turning of the second. In the first year, all the prospect was that of the one coming; in the second, the days began to be scored off like those of children at school, preparing for a holiday. When I was fairly settled in my new apartments, the jailor could hardly give sufficient vent to his spleen at my having escaped his clutches, his astonishment was so great. Besides, though I treated him handsomely, he had a little lurking fear of the *Examiner* upon him; so he contented himself with getting as much out of me as he could, and boasting of the grand room which he would fain have prevented my enjoying. My friends were allowed to be with me till ten o'clock at night, when the under turnkey, a young man with his lantern, and much ambitious gentility of deportment, came to see them out. I believe we scattered an urbanity about the prison, till then unknown. Even William Hazlitt, who there first did me the honour of a visit, would stand interchanging amenities at the threshold, which I had great difficulty in making him pass. I know not which kept his hat off with the greatest pertinacity of deference, I to the diffident cutter-up of Tory dukes and kings, or he to the amazing prisoner and invalid, who issued out of a bower of roses. There came my old friends and school-fellows, Pitman, whose wit and animal spirits still keep him alive; Mitchell, who translated Aristophanes; and Barnes, who always reminded me of Fielding. It was he that introduced me to the late Mr. Thomas Alsager, the kindest of neighbours, who contrived to be a scholar and a musician. He loved his leisure, and yet would start up at a moment's notice to do the least of a prisoner's biddings.

In February 1815, he was released, with health much shattered.

The after part of his life offers nothing that is adventurous or worthy of note, except his journey to Italy to meet Lord BYRON and SHELLEY, and plan *The Liberal*. But every page has pleasant anecdotes and reminiscences of the remarkable persons with whom he has associated during his long literary career; and, if for these alone, the volumes before us will occupy a prominent place upon the shelf of biography, and be often resorted to by after generations. From these *anæs* we will glean for a conclusion of our notices.

Here is a reminiscence of

BENJAMIN WEST.

He was a man with regular, mild features; and, though of Quaker origin, had the look of what he was—a painter to a court. His appearance was so gentlemanly, that, the moment he changed his gown for a coat, he seemed to be full-dressed. The simplicity and self-possession of the young Quaker, not having time enough to grow stiff (for he went early to study at Rome), took up, I suppose, with more ease than most would have done, the urbanities of his new position. And what simplicity helped him to, favour would retain. Yet this man, so well bred, and so indisputably clever in his art (whatever might be the amount of his genius), had received so careless, or so homely an education when a boy, that he could hardly read. He pronounced also some of his words, in reading, with a puritanical barbarism, such as *haive* for *have*, as some people pronounce when they sing psalms. But this was perhaps an American custom. My mother, who both read and spoke remarkably well, would say *haive* and *shaul* (for *shall*), when she sung her hymns. But it was not so well in reading lectures at the academy. Mr. West would talk of his art all day long, painting all the while. On other subjects he was not so fluent; and on political and religious matters he tried hard to maintain the reserve common with those about a court. He succeeded ill in both. There were always strong suspicions of his leaning to his native side in politics; and during Bonaparte's triumph, he could not contain his enthusiasm for the Republican chief, going even to Paris to pay him his homage, when First Consul. The admiration of high colours and powerful effects, natural to a painter, was too strong for him. How he managed this matter with the higher powers in England, I cannot say. Probably he was the less heedful, inasmuch as he was not very carefully paid. I believe he did a great deal for George the Third with little profit. Mr. West certainly kept his love for Bonaparte no secret; and it was no wonder, for the latter expressed admiration of his pictures. The artist thought the conqueror's smile enchanting, and that he had the handsomest leg he had ever seen. He was present when the "Venus de Medicis," was talked of, the French having just taken possession of her. Bonaparte, Mr. West said, turned round to those about him, and said, with his eyes lit up, "She's coming!" as if he had been talking of a living person. . . . The quiet of Mr. West's gallery, the tranquil, intent beauty of the statues, and the subjects of some of the pictures, particularly Death on the Pale Horse, the Deluge, the Scotch King hunting the Stag, Moses on Mount Sinai, Christ Healing the Sick (a sketch), Sir Philip Sidney giving up the Water to the Dying Soldier, the Installation of the Knights of the Garter, and Ophelia before the King and Queen (one of the best things he ever did), made a great impression upon me. My mother and I used to go down the gallery, as if we were treading on wool. She was in the habit of stopping to look at some of the pictures, particularly the Deluge and the Ophelia, with a countenance quite awe-stricken. She used also to point out to me the subjects relating to liberty and patriotism, and the domestic affections. Agrippina bringing home the ashes of Germanicus was a great favourite with her. I remember, too, the awful delight afforded us by the Angel slaying the army of Sennacherib; a bright figure lording it in the air, with a chaos of human beings below. As Mr. West was almost sure to be found at work, in the farthest room, habited in his white woollen gown, so you might have predicated, with equal certainty, that Mrs. West was sitting in the parlour, reading. I used to think, that if I had such a parlour to sit in, I should do just as she did. It was a good sized room, with two windows looking out on the little garden I spoke of, and opening to it from one of them by a flight of steps. The garden, with its busts in it, and the pictures which you knew were on the other side of its wall, had an Italian look. The room was hung with engravings and coloured prints. Among them was the Lion Hunt, from Rubens; the Hierarchy with the Godhead, from Raphael, which I hardly thought it right to look at; and two screens by the fireside, containing prints (from Angelica Kauffman, I think, but I am not sure that Mr. West himself was not the designer) of the Loves of Angelica and Medora, which I could have looked at from morning to night. Angelica's intent eyes, I thought, had the best of it; but I thought so without knowing why. This

gave me a love for Ariosto before I knew him. I got Hoole's translation, but could make nothing of it. Angelica Kauffman seemed to me to have done much more for her namesake.

Now for a portrait of

BELL THE PUBLISHER.

Bell was upon the whole a remarkable person. He was a plain man, with a red face, and a nose exaggerated by intemperance; and yet there was something not unpleasing in his countenance, especially when he spoke. He had sparkling black eyes, a good-natured smile, gentlemanly manners, and one of the most agreeable voices I ever heard. He had no acquirements—perhaps not even grammar; but his taste in putting forth a publication, and getting the best artists to adorn it, was new in those times, and may be admired in any; and the same taste was observable in his house. He knew nothing of poetry. He thought the *Delle Cruscas* fine people, because they were known in the circles; and for Miton's "Paradise Lost," he had the same epithet as for Mrs. Crouch's face or the phaeton of Major Topham: he thought it "pretty." Yet a certain liberal instinct, and turn for large dealing, made him include Chaucer and Spenser in his edition; he got Stothard to adorn the one and Mortimer the other; and in the midst, I suspect, of very equivocal returns, published a *British Theatre*, with embellishments, and a similar edition of the plays of Shakespeare,—the incorrectest work, according to Mr. Chalmers, that ever issued from the press. Unfortunately for Bell, he had an great taste for neat wines and ankles as for pretty books, and to crown his misfortunes, the Prince of Wales, to whom he was bookseller, once did him the honour to partake of an entertainment at his house. He afterwards became a bankrupt. He was one of those men whose temperament and turn for enjoyment throw a sort of grace over whatsoever they do, standing them in stead of everything but prudence, and sometimes even supplying them with the consolations which imprudence itself has forfeited. After his bankruptcy he set up a newspaper, which became profitable to everybody but himself. He had become so used to lawyers and bailiffs, that the more his concerns flourished, the more his debts flourished with them. It seemed as if he would have been too happy without them; too exempt from the cares that beset the prudent. The first time I saw him, he was standing in a chemist's shop, waiting till the road was clear for him to issue forth. He had a toothache, for which he held a handkerchief over his mouth; and, while he kept a sharp look-out with his bright eye, was alternately groaning in a most gentlemanly manner over his gums, and addressing some polite words to the shopman. I had not then been introduced to him, and did not know his person; so that the effect of his voice upon me was unequivocal. I liked him for it, and wished the bailiff at the devil.

His latter years were oppressed with struggles against fortune, or rather, wrestlings with the world for fortune. He strove hard and manfully, and with unwearied industry; but he had not the arts of popularity, and though his works were much read, their sale was limited. We must give a portion of this record:

LEIGH HUNT'S LITERARY STRUGGLES.

Poems of the kind just mentioned (*Captain Sword* and *Captain Pen*) were great solaces to care; but the care was great notwithstanding. I felt age coming on me, and difficulties not lessened by failing projects: nor was I able, had I been never so inclined, to render my faculties profitable "in the market." It is easy to say to a man, write such and such a thing, and it is sure to sell. Watch the public taste, and act accordingly. Care not for original composition, for inventions or theories of your own, for aesthetics, which the many will be slow to apprehend. Stick to the works of others. Write only in magazines and reviews: or if you must write things of your own, compile. Tell anecdotes. Reproduce histories and biographies. Do anything but write to the few, and you may get rich. . . . I did not understand markets; I could not command editors and reviewers; I therefore obeyed a propensity which had never forsaken me, and wrote a play. Plays are delightful things to write,

and tempting things in the contemplation of their profits. They seem to combine the agreeable and the advantageous beyond any other mode of recruiting an author's finances.

"Little knows he of Calista." No man, I believe, at least in England, ever delivered himself from difficulties by writing plays. He may live by the stage as actor, or as manager, or as author of all work,—that is to say, as one who writes entirely for the actors, and who takes every advantage of times and seasons and the inventions of other men. But if his heroes are real heroes, and not Jones, or real heroines, and not Mrs. Smith or Mrs. Thompson—in other words, if he thinks only of nature while he draws them, and not of the wishes and self-loves of the reigning performers, the latter will have nothing to say to him. He must either concoct his plays under their direction and for their sole personal display (for in other respects the advice of the actor is desirable,) or he must wait for the appearance of some manager who is at once literary and independent, and no actor himself; and that is a thing which does not occur perhaps twice in a century.

But I anticipate. I wrote the *Legend of Florence*; and though it was rejected at one theatre, I had reason to congratulate myself on its fortune at another. Not that did it for me what I was told it might have done, had I let the husband retain his wife, or had less money perhaps been laid out in its "getting up;" but it produced me two hundred pounds, which was a great refreshment to my sorry purse; it gave me exquisite pleasure in the writing; it received the approbation of the entire weekly and monthly press (at least I believe so, and I am sure Christopher North graced it with a whole article); and lastly, it received crown upon crown, in the presence, twice over (a rare movement in royalty), of her Majesty and Prince Albert, the former of whom was pleased to express her satisfaction with it to the manager, and the latter to a great statesman, who was so kind as to let me know it.

I owe the performance of this play, first to a late excellent actress and woman, Mrs. Orger, whom I had the pleasure of knowing, and who obtained it a hearing from Mr. and Mrs. Matthews (Madame Vestris); secondly, to the zealous interest taken in it by those two cordial persons; and lastly, to the talents and sympathy of Miss Ellen Tree (Mrs. Kean), the tears down whose glowing cheeks encouraged me while it was read, and who has since told me that she regarded my heroine as her best performance.

I have since written four more dramatic pieces of which the public know nothing; one, a blank verse play in five acts; another, also blank verse, in three acts; the third, a mixed piece of verse and prose, in two acts; and the fourth, a farce or petty comedy, also in two acts. In one of these pieces Mrs. Kean has taken voluntary and repeated interest; of another she has spoken in the highest terms; a third is in the hands of Mrs. Mowatt, whose good-will to it was rendered of no avail by the closing of the theatre which she graced; and the fourth has been nearly two years in the hands of an applauding manager. Taking the pieces altogether, I have been nine years attempting in vain to get them acted.

We part from LEIGH HUNT now, wishing him many happy years yet to live, to charm his friends with his society and the public by his pen. He has a pension, which, though small, spares him from penury and gives him leisure, and if he pleases, enables him to rest after his life-long toils; and his old age must be cheered to see the principles for which he fought so bravely and suffered so manfully, not only established in practice, but producing all the good he had anticipated from them, and in the faith of which it was that he dared, and endured.

The Lives of the Speakers of the House of Commons. By J. A. MANNING, Esq., of the Inner Temple. London: Churton.

LORD CAMPBELL has created a mania for this species of associated Biography. Many have been published, many are announced, many more are in progress or contemplated. Indeed,

we can see no limit to the scheme. Why not the Lives of the Lord Mayors (not a bad theme, by the bye), the Lives of the Presidents of the Royal Academy, the Lives of the Prime Ministers, the Lives of the Grooms of the Stole? Nor do we see any reason why the Local Historians should not put in their claim to a share of public patronage, and present us with the Lives of the Beadles. If the Queens and the Princesses are to have their several tomes, why not the Princes of Wales? Here at least we have suggested subjects enough to occupy a dozen idle pens, for which those of our readers, who are panting for literary fame, ought to be very grateful. No, the themes for books are not exhausted yet.

But the Lives of the Speakers, contained in one volume, will probably perplex not a little when it is remembered that there have been just *one hundred and fifteen* Speakers. As the volume consists of 496 pages, this is an average allowance of $4\frac{1}{2}$ pages per memoir. Now it must be obvious that such a biography can be little better than a dictionary—and so in fact we find it to be. Except in a few instances the narrative is extremely meagre in details, and so condensed that it reads like a cyclopædia article, in which the writer's object is to state the greatest possible number of facts in the fewest words.

Nor are we sure that by any skill could Mr. MANNING have given to his subject anything like the interest that attached to the Lives of Chancellors and the Chief Justices. The Speakers have not been men of such mark; they are not chosen for their talents, but usually for the want of them. *Manner* is the main requisite, and a capacity for sitting for hours and seeming to hear—a duty which no man of active mind could endure for a month. Hence, they have been for the most part mediocre men, who have not raised themselves to their position, but rather were born to it, unlike the heads of the law, most of whom necessarily won the prize by personal merit, and mental capacity and power, often rising to greatness from an ignoble station.

Mr. MANNING has not, however, been wanting in diligence for his unpromising work. He has laboured hard to collect facts, and to authenticate them. He has put them together in a composition with which no fault can be found. But one thing is evident; that he did not rightly measure his work at the beginning; the earlier and least important lives are treated at disproportionate length as compared with the later and more interesting ones. It appears as if he had discovered that the book was growing too big, and then had hurriedly brought it to a conclusion.

Nor is a Lawyer exactly the sort of person to write the Biographies of Legislators. Only a man of the same profession can successfully become the Biographer of another, for he only can understand professional character, and the influence it has upon the whole being of a man. This is no less applicable to Legislators, who, although chosen from all other classes, are, if they devote themselves to their business, as truly a *class* and a *profession* as the lawyers, and doctors, and soldiers; having their own class notions, ideas, trains of thought, conduct, and modes of seeing things. Hence, a Legislator only, familiar with the House of Commons and its ways, could do justice to Lives of the Speakers.

As a Cyclopædia—as a book of reference—this is an acceptable and useful contribution to the Library, but it is not a book for reading.

Its value for the former purpose is considerably enhanced by the addition of a genealogical sketch appended to most of the Lives—showing Mr. MANNING's antiquarian turn of mind, and the knowledge which he has exhibited in this department satisfies us that, if he would turn his attention to it, he might produce works of greater and more permanent value, if with less pretension.

We cannot find a more interesting extract than the Life of Sir HENRY REDFORD, which we give at full, the nature of the book not admitting of a selection of small passages.

SIR HENRY REDFORD.

According to the visitations of the county of Lincoln, the family of Redford, Redford, Ritford and Rydford, for the name was thus variously written, must have been of great consideration in that county, in the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. In Mr. Hollis' curiously interesting collection at the British Museum, we find frequent mention of different members of this ancient family, and various deeds to which their seal and signatures are affixed. One, indeed, of an earlier date between Witto Gaskrik, John Ferby, Rado Redford, *et alij*, *Dat. apud Lacceby die luna prima post festum Conversionis Sci Pauli post conuentum Anglie quinto decimo.* (Sic in orig.) One of the family, Walter Redford, married Agnes Mallet, a lady of a very ancient Norman family, and in the 16th of Richard II., the subject of our memoir appears as *Vicecomes de Lincoln Mili*; whilst in the 1st of Henry IV., Sir Henry Redford and William Bellesby present Robert Teverington, chaplain, to the church of Heyling, county of Lincoln, Sir Henry Redford having been elected a Knight of the shire for Lincoln, was chosen speaker of the House of Commons in the 4th of Henry IV., A.D. 1403. Most historians state that this Parliament was held at Coventry, but that, owing to the inconvenience of the place on account of provisions and lodgings, it was adjourned to Westminster. The business of Parliament having been opened by the Lord Chancellor on the 1st of October, in a speech in which "he desired them to provide ways and means for maintaining the war against Scotland, for utterly subjecting the enemies of Wales, for wholly conquering Ireland, for defending Guinne, Calais, and the marches thereof," the Commons alarmed at the magnitude of supplies required for all these purposes, took several days to consider this charge, and were at a loss as to the course they should pursue. On the 10th they had come to no determination—a very unprecedented delay—when the Chancellor informed the King that the Commons desired to confer with certain of the Lords. The King granted their request, protesting, however, "that the same was done out of favour, and not of duty;" a protest on the part of the sovereign which was enrolled by the clerk of the House of Lords. The King then sent the steward of his household and his secretary to the Commons to acquaint them with it, who returned for answer, that "they accepted of his protestation;" and accordingly, four bishops, four earls, and four barons, were ordered to attend them. Independently of the usual subsidy on wools, &c., for three years, with three shillings on every ton of wine, and twelvepence in the pound on merchandize, the Commons granted a tenth and a fifteenth. It is recorded that Henry was so pleased with the liberality of his faithful Commons upon this occasion that he invited both Houses to dine with him the next day; the particulars of which would have been very interesting, but nothing further is said upon the subject by the old historians, but that they did so accordingly.

The further proceedings of this session are altogether without parliamentary interest, and no mention whatever is made of our speaker in the journals of the House beyond the fact of his election and acceptance after the usual protestation, except on the 16th of October, when the Commons, by the mouth of their speaker, "gave to the King their most humble thanks for his many valiant exploits—namely, for his last expedition into Scotland, and for his three several journeys into Wales since the former. Wherein they took occasion to praise the valour of the Prince, and forgot not to mention the noble service performed by the Lord Thomas, the King's second son, in Ireland. As for the victory in Scotland, they humbly hoped that, by good policy, it might be

made to turn to the advantage and ease of the Commons; and because in that battle the Earl of Northumberland behaved gallantly, they prayed the King to give him thanks." This is about one of the earliest, if not absolutely the first, instance in which the thanks of Parliament were awarded to a general for his military prowess.

We cannot omit a most singular event, which may be regarded as the sequel to our speaker's oration upon this occasion. Four days after, on the 20th of the same month, the King being seated on his throne in the House of Lords, the Commons being then assembled, the Earl of Northumberland and his son, Henry Percy, surnamed Hotspur, accompanied by other noblemen and knights, brought before the King, Sir Mordach le Steward, son and heir to the Duke of Albany, brother to the King of Scots, the Lord Montgomery, Sir William Graham, Sir Adam Forester, Scots; Sir Jaques de Heleye, Sir Pierce Hagars, and John Dorney, Esq., Frenchmen, who, with others, were taken prisoners at the famous battle of Hambledon, of Halidown Hill near Wollar, in the county of Northumberland, where 10,000 Scots were slain, and many prisoners made, on the 14th of the previous month of September, and the day of the Exaltation of Holy Cross. The ceremony observed on that occasion by the Scottish Prince and his fellow-captives is too curious to be omitted. The historian says, "these prisoners, in coming into the King's presence, kneeled three times: first, at the door of the Whitehall within the King's palace; then in the midst of the hall; and lastly, before the throne; and, whilst they were still kneeling, Sir Adam Forester, in the name of them all, humbly prayed the King that they might be entertained according to the course of war; which the King, because they were taken valiantly fighting in the field, readily granted. Then the said Sir Adam declared, "that, in order to stop the effusion of christian blood, it was now in the King's power to have either a long peace or a league." Upon which the King answered, "that, by his own flattery and untruth, he was taught to be wiser than to trust them, as he had caused the King, by relying on his word, to leave Scotland sooner than he intended to do." Sir Adam asked pardon for this; and then they were committed to the care of the steward of the household to wait the King's pleasure.

In this Parliament, a release for moneys, jewels, &c., was granted by letters patent to one John Kelyngton, clerk, who had been entrusted with the same by the late King, whose title, now that he was dead, Henry thus recognises: "Carissimus Dominus et consanguineus noster Ricardus nuper Rez Ang defunctu."

This Parliament was dissolved on the 25th of November, the very day on which the supplies were granted; and, after the most diligent search, we are compelled to state that we find no further mention of our speaker, nor have we obtained any information whatever as to his descendants.

Arms. Ar. fretty, sa. a chief of the second.

NATURAL HISTORY.

United States' Exploring Expedition, during the years 1838–42. Under the command of CHARLES WILKES, U.S.N. Vol. IX.

The Races of Men: and their Geographica Distribution. By CHARLES PICKERING, M.D., Member of the Scientific Corps attached to the Expedition. Boston: Charles C. Little and James Brown.*

FOLLOWING the order of the voyage, the next branch of the Malay family visited was the New Zealand. These people have always borne a more warlike character than the tropical Polynesians; and it makes one shudder to think of the sanguinary conflicts that were for ever going on among them before they were brought under Christian influence. Now, it is not long since we saw an engraving of a Reform Banquet, held in the body of the theatre at New Zealand, in the London Illustrated News—the *coup d'œil* representing a lofty decorated hall, with long

* We are indebted for this notice to the Editor of the *New York Literary World*.

tables, surrounded by stately gentlemen in long swelling waistcoats and broad coat tails, seemingly the very identical personages we have seen in the same journal, time out of mind, at Guildhall, agricultural, and other dinners. Those, however, who have ever seen native New Zealanders, freshly caught, will still feel some hankering after the old romance. We shall never forget one just landed from a whaler, whose acquaintance we had the pleasure of making at Bristol, R. I. The sailors had equipped him in a suit of clothes, of which the coat was put on wrong side in front: and no young senator, just breeched, was prouder of his apparel. He had put on shoes, also, for the first time, though he could with difficulty walk in them. Nothing could exceed his evident satisfaction with himself and admiration of everything around him, as he staggered up the main street of the quiet old village. Had we not known to the contrary, we should have supposed him intoxicated; he laughed, strutted, staggered, and gesticulated with more than childish delight. We have always fancied that he probably enjoyed at that moment the highest intellectual exhilaration of which our nature is susceptible; to him the dusty old street was like the avenue to the temple of Carnac, and the dozen or two of old-fashioned citizens a company of celestials. The only limit to his happiness was the physical impossibility of chewing all his tobacco at once.

One side of this gentleman's face was dark green, from the lines of tattooing which thickly covered it. Possibly he may have been originally a chief of high rank, for the quantity of tattooing is in proportion to the rank of the individual, and the figures of it constitute his sign manual, or rather facial, which he affixes to public documents.

The "taboo" still prevails in full force at New Zealand. At one place an old man had tabooed himself, that he could not leave the spot of ground he had selected. One of the guides had been tabooed, as to fire, so that he could not light his pipe by it. The fidelity with which the taboo is observed is very remarkable.

The New Zealanders wear cloth; the men woven mantles of flax, and the women a broad cincture, like a rug. The custom of touching noses in salutation prevails with them, as all over Polynesia (it probably being derived from two friends saying, very naturally, when they meet, "we nose each other!"). They adopt very readily the customs of civilization, but are found to be extremely covetous. It has been usual to represent them with a different cast of countenance from the other Polynesians, but our author observed no difference that might not be accounted for by their colder climate, quality of food, and style of tattooing.

The Tonga Islanders are the nobility of the Malay-Polynesian blood. They are superior to all the others in physical development, in frankness and generosity of disposition, and in intelligence. Their islands are so many tropical gardens, and life among them seems a continual scene of romance.

The Hawaiians have been so often described that we will pass them over rapidly. Honolulu looks from a distance like a European village, but the majority of native houses make it appear like a Fejeean one, near at hand. It is the principal seat of civilization and innovation upon ancient customs. Natives are continually attracted to it by curiosity from all parts of the group; many of them remain,

unable to pay their expenses home. There is no prevailing fashion in dress, and the streets, in consequence, present a gay aspect. The natives are remarkable for the readiness with which they acquire mathematics; they are also fond of reading. The cheapness with which they can live (two cents a day) is regarded as an obstacle to their advancement. The population is diminishing; there are few children, except in the remote and uncontaminated districts. They have a traditional literature, and their poetry is said to be very fine. In person the men are about the European stature, but the chief women were, and still are, of gigantic growth.

Other islands inhabited by the Malay race were also visited, or natives of them seen, including Uea, or Wallis's Island, Hoorn Island, Rotuma, Rarotonga, and the Marquesas—all exhibiting in different shades their general affinity.

The native Californians, unlike the tribes of Oregon, Dr. PICKERING concludes, belong to the Malays. There are the Indians of the neighbourhood of San Francisco and the Sacramento, of whom we have so much in letters from the "diggings." They are of larger stature, and their complexion is darker than that of the tribes around them; in general appearance they resemble the South Sea islanders. They have some remains of tattooing, a circle of marks round the breast like a necklace. They do not use the tomahawk, nor practise scalping, like other Indians. In short, the reasons for supposing them to have a different origin appear unanswerable; and this gives some hope that they may meet a better fate under the pressure of civilization than our Eastern Indians, for the Malay is much the superior blood in point of docility and tenacity. The following is a description of

AN INDIAN VILLAGE ON THE SACRAMENTO.

The huts were hemispherical, consisting of a light framework thatched with rushes, and were apparently intended only for shelter during the rains of the mild winter. The inhabitants had left them, and were encamped in the open air, half a mile nearer the river, having set up branches of trees for shade, and some inclosures of rush mats. The men, with their chief, were yet a little apart, occupied in various methods of gambling away their earnings. The women were engaged in domestic avocations, and chiefly in the preparation of food. Large stores of various minute seeds were lying in heaps, but the principal resource evidently consisted of acorns; and several women were at work removing the shells preparatory to drying. Other women were pulverizing dried roots, perhaps of the *Scirpus lacustris*. Some of the water-tight baskets were full of porridge of different kinds, made of combinations of the above materials, and cooked by being placed among hot stones. I tasted some of these messes; but the only thing that Europeans would have considered edible, was a string of fish from the river, that arrived as I was taking leave.

Our author adduces many reasons for believing that the Malay blood has extended over from Northern California and the Peninsula into New Mexico.

The Carolines and the Ladrone are both peopled by Malays.

While the expedition was at Hawaii, an American whale ship arrived, having on board four or five "natives," who had been taken from an islet in lat. 30 degrees, not laid down on the charts. They were ascertained to have been driven by stress of weather from the southern coast of Japan. They presented, with some slight modifications, the physical peculiarities of the Malay family. Dr. JUDD also informed the author that he had seen some educated Japanese from the north of their

island, who appeared to him, "unlike the Chinese, identical in physical race with the Hawaiians."

Leaving the Western Pacific, we now accompany our author to the Malays of the East Indies.

After cruising twenty months without having seen the ocean enlivened by a sail, it was, he says, a cheering spectacle when, on the 8th of January, 1842, the Vincennes made the Bushee Islands, to the North of Luzon, and they saw in the distance an English bark. The islands were high and broken, one of them cloud-capped; but on passing the nearest of them at a distance of about four miles, it appeared quite barren. The western coast of Luzon, like that of California, is without continuous forests, and presents a succession of openings and scattered trees.

At Manilla, they were boarded by the government launch, whose crew were at once recognised as identical in race with the Polynesians, though smaller in stature, and having an expression of superior education and refinement. The troops, on landing, were found to be all natives, with Spanish officers. They had the European discipline, with music by native performers. Four or five languages are spoken at the Philippines, and there are many sectional animosities, all of which are taken advantage of in the detail of the service. The government professes to be military, but, except in the immediate vicinity of Manilla, the population are ruled principally by the priesthood. "The internal action of the government appeared to be mild and primitive, and the people contented and happy." "Of all the immense region of the East Indies, the Spanish portion of the Philippines has alone been converted, while the proceedings of the other European powers appear to disadvantage, even after making every allowance for the prior visits of the Muslims."

In the neighbourhood of Manilla, one may see plenty of brown ladies riding in their carriages—of intelligence and refinement of manners, so far as could be judged by visitors who did not understand their language, that would not suffer by comparison with Europeans. The common people dress mostly in blue, this being the region of indigo. The natives, rich and poor, live almost wholly on rice. They carry burdens in the Polynesian manner, and support children on the hip in the Polynesian fashion (this is also the Nubian mode, according to Mr. GLIDDON); and they care for them by rubbing noses. The use of the betel nut gives them all a bloody appearance of the mouth and teeth. Cockfighting is the universal amusement; natives are everywhere met with birds under their arms, and the crowing is incessant through day and night. In the interior, near Manilla, the principal article of cultivation is the cocoa palm; wealth is often estimated there by the thousand cocoa palm. They are grown in plantations, the trees having their tops united by bamboo, that the climber need not descend in going from one to another.

Passing Mindoro, the Vincennes rounded the extreme point of Mindanao, and anchored under the old Spanish fort of Caldera, bearing on its walls the date 1784, and occupied by a few native soldiers, with a European officer. Here the natives contrive huts in high trees, to avoid night surprises from the Moorish (*i. e.* Muslim-Malay) pirates. The whole of this part of the island appears from a distance covered with a magnificent forest.

The day after landing, a party, with our author, wandered inward several miles, and saw for the first time the myriads of monkeys and showy birds and insects of the tropics. They were not then aware that Mindanao is the head-quarters of the Pythons (or anacondas, often to be seen at Mr. BARNUM's), and that they were very common in that vicinity, though often escaping notice, from their resemblance to large vines hanging from the tree-tops. On this jaunt they passed through a field of Indian corn, growing so luxuriantly, that they had difficulty in forcing their way through the stems, which were about eight feet in height.

The Island of Sooloo from a distance appears very beautiful, being mostly under cultivation. At Soun, the capital, the Vincennes anchored, and a party went ashore, and walked through the town. The inhabitants go armed with spear, shield, and straight sword, each "singularly resembling the ancient Greek pattern of those weapons." But the Sultan would give no permission for an excursion into the interior, alleging that "the people were so bad there was no safety."

The expedition passed several others of the Sooloo group, and touched at one of the Mangsi Islands, which was uninhabited; there they added very materially to their collections, both of marine productions and plants. Soon after they arrived at Singapore, originally a Malay village (*i. e.* a village of that tribe in the strict sense of the word, not as applied to designate a race), but now overrun with strangers from Hindostan and China. The Chinese are principally shopmen, and the original Malays find congenial employment in the management of the "sampans" or light boats. In the description of Singapore are some novel facts which ought to be brought to the knowledge of our countrymen who are sportsmen. We shall quote entire, for their benefit.

SOMETHING ABOUT TIGERS.

In one respect, Singapore offered novelty, for man was now no longer the undisputed "lord of creation." One of the local advantages, urged at the time when the English selected the spot, was the "absence of wild elephants and tigers;" but it appeared in the sequel, that the island presented no attractions to the latter animal until a city had been built. The invasion took place about six years prior to the visit, doubtless by swimming from the main land, which is at no great distance. The number of persons who have since "been taken by tigers, amounts to some hundreds," there being scarcely any other kind of prey; and instances sometimes occurred within two miles of the centre of the city. It was said that these animals "attacked in the daytime, though perhaps more frequently at night;" but they were not apt to come out into the main road, or to fall upon a palanquin and horse. Such a thing as a tiger pouncing upon a man without killing him was unknown at Singapore; although it sometimes happened, where several persons have been in company, that the tiger has been immediately frightened away. There were persons who made a profession of killing tigers, and government had been paying a premium of a hundred dollars for a head, but having recently reduced this to fifty, the business was for the present at an end. In reference to these prices, it should be observed, that the value of money here is fivefold greater than with us. In the wildest recesses of North America, the traveller may throw himself on the ground to pass the night; not so in these countries, where, without, disparagement to the rifle, I may state my belief that it would not prevail. Tigers, however, require covert; and they will disappear whenever the island shall be cleared of woods, an event not likely soon to take place. Under present circumstances, there is little difficulty in keeping out of their way; and European residents, by observing certain precautions, do not much regard them.

The tiger, though, perhaps, inferior in

strength to the lion, is, in respect to the human family, a far more formidable animal. It may even be said to rule in a good measure those wooded countries in which it has obtained footing; such as Java, Sumatra, the peninsula of Malacca, the Indo-Chinese countries, and a portion of eastern Hindostan. In western Hindostan, so far as my recent tour extended, the true tiger appeared to be unknown, the country being in general open; but in the thick woods towards Bengal, we read of a district where "villages have been broken up by the ravages of tigers."

The Bugis tribe of Celebes, who resort in great numbers at certain seasons of the year to Singapore, are hardly to be distinguished from the original Malays. They are now the dominant nation in the East Indies.

The expedition passed through the Straits of Banca, and along the low cultivated shores of Sumatra, which were cultivated, and evidently supported a dense population; thence within sight of the cleared land on the mountains of Java, until they rounded Java Head, and were once more on the open sea. They were thirty-three days crossing the Indian ocean.

The natives of both Sumatra and Java belong to the Malay race, as do those of Cochin China. Of the Siamese, there were none at Singapore during the stay of the expedition, but Dr. PICKERING states that "the twins" well known in the United States, "bear the distinctive marks of the Malay race." He also classes with them the Birmese, the Malagashes, or natives of Madagascar, the aborigines of Ceylon, and natives of the Maldivian Islands.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Five Years of a Hunter's Life in the Far Interior of South Africa. With Notices of the Native Tribes, and Anecdotes of the Chase of the Lion, Elephant, Hippopotamus, Giraffe, Rhinoceros, &c. By ROUALEYN GORDON CUMMING, Esq., of Altyre. With Illustrations. In 2 volumes. London: Murray. 1850.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

WE continue our notice of these very interesting volumes, and we turn to the most novel and exciting of the adventures described. Here, for instance, we are introduced to

ANOTHER LION HUNT.

I instantly saddled up two horses, and, directing my boys to lead after me as quickly as possible my small remaining pack of sore-footed dogs, I rode forth, accompanied by Carey, carrying a spare gun, to give battle to the four grim lions. As I rode out of the peninsula they showed themselves on the bank of the river; and, guessing that their first move would be a disgraceful retreat, I determined to ride so as to make them think that I had not observed them until I should be able to cut off their retreat from the river, across the open vley, to the endless forest beyond. That point being gained, I knew that they, still doubtful of my having observed them, would hold their ground on the river's bank until my dogs came up, when I could more advantageously make the attack.

I cantered along, holding as if I meant to pass the lions at a distance of a quarter of a mile, until I was opposite to them, when I altered my course and inclined a little nearer. The lions then showed symptoms of uneasiness; they rose to their feet, and, overhauling us for half a minute, disappeared over the bank. They reappeared, however, directly a little further down; and finding that their present position was bare, they walked majestically along the top of the bank to a spot a few hundred yards lower, where the bank was well wooded. Here they seemed half inclined to wait my attack; two

stretched out their massive arms, and lay down in the grass, and the other two sat up like dogs upon their haunches. Deeming it probable that when my dogs came up and I approached they would still retreat and make a bolt across the open vley, I directed Carey to canter forward and take up the ground in the centre of the vley about four hundred yards in advance; whereby the lions would be compelled either to give us battle or swim the river, which, although narrow, I knew they would be very reluctant to do.

I now sat in my saddle, anxiously awaiting the arrival of the dogs; and whilst thus momentarily engaged, I was much struck with the majestic and truly appalling appearance which these four noble lions exhibited. They were all full-grown immense males; and I felt, I must confess, a little nervous, and very uncertain as to what might be the issue of the attack. When the dogs came up I rode right in towards the lions. They sprang to their feet, and trotted slowly down along the bank of the river, once or twice halting and facing about for half a minute. Immediately below them there was a small determined bend in the stream, forming a sort of peninsula. Into this bend they disappeared; and next moment I was upon them with my dogs. They had taken shelter in a dense angle of the peninsula, well sheltered by high trees and reeds. Into this retreat the dogs at once boldly followed them, making a loud barking; which was instantly followed by the terrible voices of the lions, which turned about and charged to the edge of the cover. Next moment, however, I heard them plunge into the river; when I sprang from my horse, and running to the top of the bank, I saw three of them ascending the opposite bank, the dogs following. One of them bounded away across the open plain at top speed; but the other two, finding themselves followed by the dogs, immediately turned to bay. It was now my turn; so taking them coolly right and left with my little rifle, I made the most glorious double shot that a sportsman's heart could desire, disabling them both in the shoulder before they were even aware of my position; then snatching my other gun from Carey, who that moment had ridden up to my assistance, I finished the first lion with a shot about the heart, and brought the second to a standstill by disabling him in his hind-quarter. He quickly crept into a dense, wide, dark-green bush, in which for a long time it was impossible to obtain a glimpse of him; at length, a clod of earth falling near his hiding-place, he made a move which disclosed to me his position, when I finished him with three more shots, all along the middle of his back. Carey swam across the river to flog off the dogs; and when these came through to me I beat up the peninsula in quest of the fourth lion; which had, however, made off. We then crossed the river a little higher up, and proceeded to inspect the noble prizes I had won. Both lions were well up in their years: I kept the skin and skull of the finest specimen, and only the nails and tail of the other, one of whose canine teeth was worn down to the socket with caries, which seemed very much to have affected his general condition.

Let us view him now

HUNTING THE ELEPHANT.

Galloping furiously down the hill, I started the elephants with an unearthly yell, and instantly selected the finest in the herd. Placing myself alongside, I fired both barrels behind his shoulder, when he instantly turned upon me, and in his impetuous career charged head foremost into a large bushy tree, which he sent flying before him high in the air with tremendous force, coming down at the same moment violently on his knees. He then met the raging fire, when, altering his course, he wheeled to the right-about. As I galloped after him I perceived another noble elephant meeting us in an opposite direction.

In the meantime I was loading and firing as fast as could be, sometimes at the head, and sometimes behind the shoulder, until my elephant's fore-quarters were a mass of gore, notwithstanding which he continued to hold stoutly on, leaving the grass and branches of the forest scarlet in his wake. On one occasion he endeavoured to escape by charging desperately amid the thickest of the flames; but this did not avail, and I was soon once more alongside. I blazed away at this elephant, until I began to think that he was proof against my weapons. Having fired thirty-five rounds with my two-grooved rifle, I opened fire upon him with the Dutch six-pounder; and

when forty bullets had perforated his hide, he began for the first time to evince signs of a dilapidated constitution. He took up his position in a grove; and, as the dogs kept barking round him, he backed stern foremost among the trees, which yielded before his gigantic strength. Poor old fellow! he had long braved my deadly shafts, but I plainly saw that it was now all over with him; so I resolved to expend no further ammunition, but hold him in view until he died. Throughout the chase, this elephant repeatedly cooled his person with large quantities of water, which he ejected from his trunk over his back and sides; and just as the pangs of death came over him, he stood trembling violently beside a thorny tree, and kept pouring water into his bloody mouth until he died, when he pitched heavily forward, with the whole weight of his fore-quarters resting on the points of his tusks. A most singular occurrence now took place. He lay in this posture for several seconds, but the amazing pressure of the carcase was more than the head was able to support. He had fallen with his head so short under him that the tusks received little assistance from his legs. Something must give way. The strain on the mighty tusks was fair; they did not, therefore, yield; but the portion of his head in which the tusk was imbedded, extending a long way above the eye, yielded and burst with a muffled crash. The tusk was thus free, and turned right round in his head, so that a man could draw it out, and the carcase fell over and rested on its side. This was a very first-rate elephant, and the tusks he carried were long and perfect.

Some of the sketches of Natural History are as valuable as they are interesting. Such is this of

THE SPRINGBOK.

The springbok is so termed by the colonists on account of its peculiar habits of springing or taking extraordinary bounds, rising to an incredible height in the air, when pursued. The extraordinary manner in which springboks are capable of springing is best seen when they are chased by a dog. On these occasions, away start the herd, with a succession of strange perpendicular bounds, rising with curved loins high into the air, and at the same time elevating the snowy folds of long white hair on their haunches and along their back, which imparts to them a peculiar fairylike appearance, different from any other animal. They bound to the height of ten or twelve feet, with the elasticity of an India-rubber ball; clearing at each spring from twelve to fifteen feet of ground, without apparently the slightest exertion. In performing the spring, they appear for an instant as if suspended in the air, when down come all four feet again together, and, striking the plain, away they soar again as if about to take flight. The herd only adopt this motion for a few hundred yards, when they subside into a light elastic trot, arching their graceful necks and lowering their noses to the ground, as if in sportive mood. Presently pulling up, they face about, and reconnoitre the object of their alarm. In crossing any path or waggon-road on which men have lately trod, the springbok invariably clears it by a single surprising bound; and when a herd of perhaps many thousands have to cross a track of the sort, it is extremely beautiful to see how each antelope performs this feat, so suspicious are they of the ground on which their enemy, man, has trodden. They bound in a similar manner when passing to leeward of a lion, or any other animal of which they entertain an instinctive dread.

We cannot omit, even although it be the third we have extracted, this

BENROUET WITH A LION.

We secured the three horses to one another, as there was no tree or bush within miles of us; but these I could dispense with, for I knew very well by the looks of the Hottentots that they would not sleep much, but would keep a vigilant eye over our destinies. I spent a most miserable night. The wind, which had been blowing so fresh in the height of the day, had subsided to a calm when the sun went down, and was now succeeded by an almost death-like stillness, which I too well knew was the harbinger of a coming tempest. We had not lain down an hour before the sky to leeward became black as pitch. Presently the most vivid flashes of lightning followed one another in quick succession,

accompanied by terrific peals of thunder. The wind, which during the day had been out of the north-east, now, as is usual on such occasions, veered right round and came whistling up from the south-west, where the tempest was brewing; and in a few minutes more it was upon us in all its fury, the rain descending in torrents on our devoted heads, while vivid flashes of lightning momentarily illuminated, with the brilliancy of day, the darkness that reigned around. In a very few minutes the whole plain was sheet of water, and every atom of my clothes and bedding was thoroughly saturated. My three rifles had excellent holsters, and with the help of two sheep-skins which I used instead of saddle-cloths I kept them quite dry. In two hours the tempest had passed away, but light rain fell till morning, until which time I lay on the wet ground, soaked to the skin. About midnight we heard the lion roar a mile or so to the northward; and little before the day dawned I again heard him in the direction of the carcase which we had found on the preceding day. Soon after this I gave the word to march. We then arose and saddled our horses. I found my trousers lying in a pool of water, so I converted a blanket into a long kilt by strapping it round my waist with my shooting-belt. The costume of my followers was equally unique. We held for the north end of the lion's mountain at a sharp pace, which we gained before it was clear enough to see surrounding objects. As the light broke in upon us we reduced our pace, and rode slowly up the middle of the vast level plain towards the carcase of the wildebeests, with large herds of wildbeests, springbok, blesbok, and quaggas on every side of us, which were this day as tame as they had been wild on the previous one. This is generally the case after a storm. The morn was cloudy; misty vapours hung on the shoulders of the neighbouring mountains, and the air was loaded with balmy perfume, emitted by the grateful plants and herbs. As we approached the carcase, I observed several jackals steal away, and some half-drowned-looking vultures were sitting around it. But there was no appearance of the lion. I spent the next half-hour in riding across the plain looking for his spoor: but I sought in vain. Being cold and hungry, I turned my horse's head for camp, and rode slowly along through the middle of the game, which would scarcely move out of rifle-range on either side of me. Suddenly I observed a number of vultures seated on the plain about a quarter of a mile ahead of us, and close beside them stood a huge lioness, consuming a blesbok which she had killed. She was assisted in her repast by about a dozen jackals, which were feasting along with her in the most friendly and confidential manner. Directing my followers' attention to the spot, I remarked, "I see the lion;" to which they replied, "Whar? whar? Yah! Almagig! dat is he;" and instantly reining in their steeds and wheeling about they pressed their heels to their horses' sides, and were preparing to betake themselves to flight. I asked them what they were going to do? To which they answered, "We have not yet placed caps on our rifles." This was true; but while this short conversation was passing the lioness had observed us. Raising her full, round face, she overhauled us for a few seconds, and then set off at a smart canter towards a range of mountains some miles to the northward; the whole troop of jackals also started off in another direction; there was, therefore, no time to think of caps. The first move was to bring her to bay; and not a second was to be lost. Spurring my good and lively steed, and shouting to my men to follow, I flew across the plain, and, being fortunately mounted on my Colesberg, the flower of my stud, I gained upon her at every stride. This was to me a joyful moment, and I at once made up my mind that she or I must die. The lioness having had a long start of me, we went over a considerable extent of ground before I came up with her. She was a large, full-grown beast; and the bare and level nature of the plain added to her imposing appearance. Finding that I gained upon her, she reduced her pace from a canter to a trot, carrying her tail stuck out behind her, and slewed a little to one side. I shouted loudly to her to halt, as I wished to speak with her; upon which she suddenly pulled up, and sat on her haunches like a dog, with her back towards me, not even deigning to look round. She then appeared to say to herself, "Does this fellow know what he is after?" Having thus sat for half a minute, as if

involved in thought, she sprang to her feet, and, facing about, stood looking at me for a few seconds, moving her tail slowly from side to side, showing her teeth, and growling fiercely. She next made a short run forward, making a loud, rumbling noise, like thunder. This she did to intimidate me; but, finding that I did not flinch an inch nor seem to heed her hostile demonstrations, she quietly stretched out her massive arms, and lay down on the grass. The Hottentots now coming up, we all three dismounted, and drawing our rifles from their holsters, we looked to see if the powder was up in the nipples, and put on our caps. While this was doing the lioness sat up, and showed evident symptoms of uneasiness. She looked first at us, and then behind her, as if to see if the coast were clear; after which she made a sharp run towards us, uttering her deep-drawn murderous growls. Having secured the three horses to one another by their reins, we led them on as if we intended to pass her, in the hope of obtaining a broadside. But this she carefully avoided to expose, presenting only her full front. I had given Stofolus my Moore rifle, with orders to shoot at her if she should spring upon me, but on no account to fire before me. Kleinboy was to stand ready to hand me my Purdey rifle, in case the two-grooved Dixon should not prove sufficient. My men as yet had been steady, but they were in a precious stew, their faces having assumed a ghastly paleness; and I had a painful feeling that I could place no reliance on them. Now, then, for it, neck or nothing! She is within sixty yards of us, and she keeps advancing. We turned the horses' tails to her. I knelt on one side, and, taking a steady aim at her breast, let fly. The ball cracked loudly on her tawny hide, and crippled her in the shoulder, upon which she charged with an appalling roar, and in the twinkling of an eye she was in the midst of us.

A few more of Mr. CUMMING's sketches of Natural History will be acceptable; they are of more substantial and permanent value than, although not of so much present interest as, his hunting exploits.

THE OSTRICH.

We fell in with several nests of ostriches, and here I first ascertained a singular propensity peculiar to these birds. If a person discovers the nest, and does not at once remove the eggs, on returning he will most probably find them all smashed. This the old birds almost invariably do, even when the intruder has not handled the eggs or so much as ridden within five yards of them. The nest is merely a hollow scooped in the sandy soil, generally amongst heath or other low bushes; its diameter is about seven feet; it is believed that two hens often lay in one nest. The hatching of the eggs is not left, as is generally believed, to the heat of the sun, but, on the contrary, the cock relieves the hen in the incubation. These eggs form a considerable item in the Bushman's cuisine, and the shells are converted into water-flasks, cups, and dishes. I have often seen Bush-girls and Bakalabari women, who belong to the wandering Bechuanas tribes of the Kalahari desert, come down to the fountains from their remote habitations, sometimes situated at an amazing distance, each carrying on her back a kaross or a network containing from twelve to fifteen ostrich egg-shells, which had been emptied by a small aperture at one end: these they fill with water and cork up the hole with grass.

THE WHITE RHINOCEROS.

The two varieties of the white rhinoceros are so similar in habits, that the description of one will serve for both; the principal difference consisting in the length and set of the anterior horn; that of the muchocho averaging from two to three feet in length, and pointing backwards; while the horn of the kobabba often exceeds four feet in length, and inclines forward from the nose at an angle of forty-five degrees. The posterior horn of either species seldom exceeds six or seven inches in length. The kobabba is the rarer of the two, and it is found very far in the interior, chiefly to the eastward of the Limpopo. Its horns are very valuable for loading rods, supplying a substance at once suitable for a sporting implement and excellent for the purpose. Both these varieties of rhinoceros attain an enormous size, being the animals next in magnitude to

the elephant. They feed solely on grass, carry much fat, and their flesh is excellent, being preferable to beef. They are of much milder and more inoffensive disposition than the black rhinoceros, rarely charging their pursuer. Their speed is very inferior to that of the other varieties, and a person well mounted can overtake and shoot them. The head of these is a foot longer than that of the boréle. They generally carry their heads low, whereas the boréle, when disturbed, carries his very high, which imparts to him a saucy and independent air. Unlike the elephants, they never associate in herds, but are met with singly or in pairs. In districts where they are abundant, from three to six may be found in company, and I once saw upwards of a dozen congregated together on some young grass, but such an occurrence is rare.

We conclude with the climax of sport on an Herculean scale. Imagine bagging fifteen hippopotami! Yet this is with the utmost sang-froid narrated of himself by Mr. CUMMING. Here is the story :

A BATTLE OF HIPPOPOTAMI.

The next day I rode down the river to seek sea-cows, accompanied by my two after riders; taking, as usual, my double-barrelled rifles. We had proceeded about two miles when we came upon some most thoroughly beaten old-established hippopotamus paths, and presently, in a broad, long, deep and shaded pool of the river, we heard the sea-cows bellowing. There I beheld one of the most wondrous and interesting sights that a sportsman can be blessed with. I at once knew that there must be an immense herd of them, for the voices came from different parts of the pool; so, creeping in through the bushes to obtain an inspection, a large sandy island appeared at the neck of the pool, on which stood several large shady trees. The neck of the pool was very wide and shallow, with rocks and large stones; below it was deep and still. On a sandy promontory of this island stood about thirty cows and calves, whilst in the pool opposite, and a little below them, stood about twenty more sea-cows, with their heads and backs above water. About fifty yards farther down the river again, showing out their heads, were eight or ten immense fellows, which I think were all bulls; and about one hundred yards below these in the middle of the stream stood another herd of about eight or ten cows with calves, and two huge bulls. The sea cows lay close together like pigs; a favourite position was to rest their heads on their comrades' sterns and sides. The herds were attended by an immense number of the invariable rhinoceros birds, which, on observing me, did their best to spread alarm throughout the hippopotami. I was resolved to select if possible first-rate old bull out of this vast herd, and I accordingly delayed firing for nearly two hours, continually running up and down behind the thick thorny cover, and attentively studying the heads. At length I determined to go close in and select the best head out of the eight or ten bulls which lay below the cows. I accordingly left the cover and walked slowly forward in full view of the whole herd to the water's edge, where I lay down on my belly and studied the heads of these bulls. The cows, on seeing me, splashed into the water and kept up a continual snorting and blowing till night set in. After selecting for a few minutes I fired my first shot at a splendid bull, and sent the ball in a little behind the eye. He was at once incapacitated, and kept plunging and swimming round and round, wading away down the pool, until I finished him with two more shots. The whole pool was now in a state of intense commotion. The best cows and the bulls at once became very shy and cunning, showing only the flat roofs of their heads, and sometimes only their nostrils. The younger cows were not so shy, producing the whole heads; and if I had wished to make a bag I might have shot an immense number. This, however, was not my object; and as there was likely to be a difficulty in securing what I did kill, I determined only to fire at the very best. When, therefore, the sun went down I had not fired a great many shots, but had bagged five first-rate hippopotami, four cows and one bull, and besides these there were three or four more very severely wounded which were spouting blood throughout the pool. The next day I removed my wagons to the bank where I had waged successful war with the hippopotami. Hero we halted

beneath a shady tree with a very dark green leaf, and having drawn up the wagons we cast loose the trek-tows, and marching the two spans of oxen down to the edge of the river we dragged out one of the sea-cows high and dry. After breakfast I rode down the river with Carey to seek those I had wounded. Having ridden about three miles down the river, we heard sea-cows snorting; and on dismounting from my horse and creeping in through very dense thorny cover which here clothed the banks, I found a very fine herd of about thirty hippopotami basking in the sun; they lay upon sand-bank in the middle of the river, in about three feet of water. After taking a long time to make a selection, I opened my fire and discharged my four barrels: one sea-cow lay dead, and two others were stunned and took to the other side, but eventually recovered and were not numbered with the slain. I continued with them till sundown and fired a good many shots, but only bagged one other cow: they were very shy and cunning. On the 20th I again rode down the river to the pool, and found a herd of sea-cows still there; so I remained with them till sundown, and bagged two very first-rate old sea-cows, which were forthcoming next day. This day I detected a most dangerous trap constructed by the Bakalahari for slaying sea-cows. It consisted of a sharp little assagai or pike most thoroughly poisoned, and stuck firmly into the end of a heavy block of thorn-wood about four feet long and five inches in diameter. This formidable affair was suspended over the centre of a sea-cow path at a height of about thirty feet from the ground by a bark cord which passed over a high branch of a tree and thence to a peg on one side of the path beneath, leading across the path to a peg on the other side, where it was fastened. To the suspending cord were two triggers so constructed that, when the sea-cow struck against the cord which led across the path, the heavy block above was set at liberty, which instantly dropped with immense force with its poisonous dart, inflicting a sure and mortal wound. The bones and old teeth of sea-cows which lay rotting along the bank of the river here evinced the success of this dangerous invention. I remained in the neighbourhood of the pool for several days, during which time I bagged no less than fifteen first-rate hippopotami, the greater portion of them being bulls.

FICTION.

Adelaide Lindsay. A Novel. Edited by the author of "Emilia Wyndham," &c. In 3 vols. London: Colburn. 1850.

WHATEVER the motive, whether charity, or friendship, or hire, we are very sorry to see Mrs. MARSH condescending to the menial office of licking into shape and ushering into the public presence under the shadow of her name, anonymous writers who have not merit enough to rely upon themselves. In every respect the practice is a bad one; unjust alike to the public and to the patronized, and tending to the serious degradation of literature. It can be defended by no single argument. If the book is in itself fit for publication, it needs neither the corrections nor the voucher of an editor: if it be unfit, a bad book ought not to be palmed upon the public under cover of a reputable name. If the author felt that the correcting hand of an experienced artist was desirable, and Mrs. MARSH was willing to give it, there is no reason why the fact should be proclaimed upon the title-page, seeing that it does not exalt the reputation of the writer, and certainly lowers that of the editor. Of course we acquit Mrs. MARSH of any such unworthy design as that of tricking the unobservant public into buying the novel under an erroneous impression that she was its author, and in hopes that the little words "edited by" might be overlooked in an advertisement: of such a disreputable proceeding we at once acquit her, although it is right she should know that there are many persons in society who do not hesitate to attribute to her

equivocal act so base and mercenary a motive. We hasten, however, to declare that we do not for a moment entertain such a suspicion; we are confident that, however mistaken the act, the intention was right. It was an error of the judgment only; a weakness to be lamented rather than to be blamed. The regret with which we have witnessed it is proportioned to the greatness of the respect and esteem in which we have been wont to hold her as the best female novelist of our day.

But the intrinsic merits of *Adelaide Lindsay* are not to be judged by the circumstances under which it is offered to the public. The error of the editor must not be visited upon the author, and it is the more necessary to say so in this instance, because *Adelaide Lindsay* did not really need the good offices of any editor. It might fairly have thrown itself upon the world in self-reliance, secure of approbation, without borrowing the lustre of any name already famous. The composition is beyond the average in merit, and certainly we should not have discovered from it that it was the first essay of a tyro, had not the calling in of an editor betrayed the secret. There is none of the wordiness—the accumulation of epithets,—the fine phrenzies,—the preference of phrase to thoughts, of sound to substance, which usually characterise the composition of a young writer. The dialogues are singularly brisk and dramatic, the plot is ingeniously woven, the characters are well conceived and distinctly drawn, preserving their individuality even when they represent classes.

Mr. Dalton's Legatee, a very nice Woman. A Novel. By Mrs. STONE, author of the "Art of Needlework, &c. In 3 vols. London: Newby.

THE apeing of fashion by vulgar people, the wretchedness it occasions to themselves, and the laughter it provokes in others, have ever been a favourite and an inexhaustible theme with novelists and dramatists; but seldom have we seen it accomplished with more humour and truth than in the novel before us, which we certainly opened with something of prejudice against it, but which speedily won upon our regards, and grew into favour as we read, until we were fairly enlisted in its pertusal, and we completed it with no small surprise at the capacity exhibited by the authoress for this species of composition. Always vigorous, the writing is at times positively brilliant. The descriptions are remarkably graphic, yet drawn without effort—hit off with a few happy strokes of the pen that bring out their most prominent and characteristic features. The personages who play parts here are all of them distinctly outlined, and most of them are manifestly sketches after nature. Mrs. STONE has a keen observation, and a quick sense of the ludicrous, and she seizes the oddities of character with all the power of Mrs. TROLLOPE, and without her coarseness. She has the good judgment, also, not to attempt a theme beyond her capacities. Her former publications, so different in their forms, were distinguished for a vein of common sense that ran through them: it is no less visible here. A homely truthfulness of conception, a wholesome soundness of sentiment, recommend these pages to readers who desire something better than the mere pastime of a plot in a work of fiction. Mr. and Mrs. DE SNOBYN are not over drawn, for have we not seen persons very like them moving about in London society, and are not all their associates such as might be pointed out in our drawing-

rooms and parks? And does not everybody know a Miss PRABLES? And does not the romance of real life present incidents more wonderful than any that occurred to Mr. Dalton's Legatee? And will not all who are looking for a pleasant novel to amuse them when *out of town*, send to the library for this? We can assure them that they may do so with confidence.

Denton Hall. A Novel. In 3 vols. London: T. and W. Boone.

ONE remarkable point in *Denton Hall* is, that it is a novel without a love story, ending in a happy marriage; yet there is in it plenty of love, such as one sees every day. The hero is in and out of the soft passion, just like any other boy or man. We have his boy's love in the country, his youth's love at a watering place, his fine gentleman's love in London, and his romantic love abroad—all admirably described. This is the beginning of it (we must explain that Master Felix is an only son, and, consequently, not a little spoilt.) "Mind you don't fall in love," said the mother. The son's wayward heart at once questioned itself, "Why should I not fall in love?"

Accordingly, he plunges into love with the very first woman he meets, and it is not to be wondered at, for a sweet, rosy, tender, good little thing she is. How well the effect of the first stolen kiss is described in the following extract:—"After a moment the little maiden gently disengaged herself, and retreating a step, they continued to gaze at each other, blushing and feeling as if their hearts, which had been upon their lips, had, by some freak of Cupid, been exchanged during the indiscreet salute."

Very pretty, indeed. And the author, to his honour, will not let any harm come to the little maiden; for, though he pretends to be a bit of a cynic sometimes, he has too good a heart to think of any ill towards the gentle sex. This may be seen in many beautiful and truthful passages in the book: for example, "Weep on, womankind, your unheeded priceless tears! the pearls which spring from a healthy heart are more precious, after all, than those which grow from a diseased shell fish." There is true feeling here, in spite of the whimsicality of manner.

Want of a well-constructed plot is the fault of this novel—we could have done very well without the black man and the sack. But the work would have been good enough without any plot at all—the characters are so interesting by themselves. We have the victim of a Chancery suit, a sporting parson (and a good one, too), an affectionate wife and mother, a Paul Pry 'squire, good people in the county, and a most respectable scoundrel, *cum multis aliis*—drawn from the life as any one may see. They are sketches (not unfinished either,) of what the author has seen, and his sentiments are those which he must have himself experienced to portray so well. The following extracts will illustrate the character of the book better than anything that can be written about it.

MR. DOUBTS AFTER LOSING HIS CAUSE.

Joshua first fell into melancholy, then into sickness. At length he took to his bed. Still he pored over the brown paper parcel, and the more he did so, the more he became convinced that the right was with him, but there was no other court to which he could carry up his appeal, and so—he died.

THE REASONS WHY HE WOULD BRING UP HIS SON TO THE LAW.

He conceived it to be the first of all human occu-

pations; and had he been able to commence life afresh, he would have devoted himself to it just as a trout would probably choose the calling of a fisherman.

A SPORTSMAN IN LOVE.

In the middle of the most brilliant burst, he seemed to see the blue skirt of Miss Ludley's riding habit fluttering a-head. When the birds got up, it made his heart bang against his side, it was so like the rustle of Miss Ludley's dress. He tried the solitude of fishing. In that sport there was no chance of escape for him. The art was invented to favour such wild phantasies. Every time he bobbed his float into the deep silent pool, there rose up immediately to the surface of the water, a siren smiling as sweet as the fair water-nymphs of old. If he fled into the woods, there she still pursued him as a Hamadryad. He was even startled at the strong likeness to her which he found in the face of his favourite terrier.

DOMESTIC TYRANNY.

Tyranny! there never was a tyrant to compare with your tyrant of four walls—your fireside despot.

FUNERAL POMP.

But surely we ought to show our respect for the deceased? . . . What good do you suppose you do by dragging his dissolving body along the road, on the stiff springs of a hearse, followed up by the hypocritical rout of a "decent funeral?" Have you delighted the departed, by pursuing him to the very last, and peiting his flying shade with the vanities from which he has just escaped, and of which, at the very moment of your procession, he is possibly in a condition to appreciate the awful inanity? . . . Or do you think a more favourable sentence will be passed upon him above, because you have carried him up for judgment in a coach and six? Surely, is there no prayer he left unsaid? is there no good deed he left undone, by turning yourself to which you may make better interest for him there, if such be (in your opinion) possible, than by mocking heaven with this barbarian pomp? Heaven! what has heaven to do with it? We must show our respect for the dead, but not to the eye above, or to the glazed dead eye. It is to the brisk, prying, censorious eyes of our neighbours, the Browns, that we direct the solemnities of our "decent" funeral; and why? Simply, because we feel that if we do not spend our hundred and fifty, Brown would say that we were mean, or that we did not care for our departed relative, or, worst of all, that we could not afford it. So out comes our hecatomb of guineas, to be thrown away in empty vanities for the dead, to propitiate Brown, at the very crisis in a family's history at which every farthing is most wanted for necessities for the living.

ENGLISH SOCIETY.

The middle classes in England, successful on every other point, fail in their society. Those with whom the principal business in life is to amass wealth, may easily fall into the error of believing that one of the principal pleasures of life is to display it. With such persons, society is rather a rivalry of pecuniary resources, than an emulation of social talent. Besides, England is the only country in the world where life is taken so seriously that society becomes a species of solemnity.

Such passages as these occur frequently, and it will be seen that there is subject for thought as well as amusement, in *Denton Hall*.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

The Burden of the Bell, and other Lyrics.

By T. WESTWOOD. London: Lumley.

MR. WESTWOOD is a poet. There is good stuff in this volume. We do not, indeed, anticipate for him the fame of a WORDSWORTH, or a MOORE, but he is entitled to a very respectable place among the stars of lesser magnitude. He is a master of the mechanism of his art,—a perfect rhymster,—his mind has pretty fancies—his tastes and sympathies are with nature. But he wants the *force of genius*; he does not strike out new thoughts; his ideas are not original, but elegant repetitions of old ones.

As witness the following, which is *as pretty* a little poem as we have read for many a day, but yet it would be impossible to lay the finger on any one *new idea*

that bespeaks the presence of that lofty *creative* faculty which we term *genius*.

THE BROOK AND THE SYCAMORE.

"Shade me, oh! shade me!"—the streamlet said
To the tall and stately Sycamore;
"Over my bosom thy branches spread,
Till the fiery noon-day heat is o'er,
And I'll promise you a guerdon meet
For such true service, friendly tree;
A guerdon, simple, but passing sweet—
Bend low—I'll whisper what it shall be;
I'll sing you a song, I'll sing you a song,
That shall fill the silence all night long;
A song, whose music shall seem to you
As the fanning wind and the dropping dew;
A song that shall hush you to slumber deep,
Then weave its witchery through your sleep;
That shall bathe as with freshness of early showers
Each leaf o'ertasked by the sunny hours;
That shall win all wandering odours up
From purple bell and from golden cup,
To float and languish your boughs among—
All this, I'll promise you in my song,
All this and more,

O Sycamore,
For your shade till the noon-day heat is o'er."
Then the Sycamore broad his leaves unfurled
O'er the little stream,
For pride hath no place in Nature's world,
As in ours, I deem.

No place at all—on the giant height
Of the royal mountain, gay and bright
Grow the little flowers, no whit afraid;
And the mountain, in his storms arrayed,
Shelters and shields them as best he can
From the avalanche and the hurricane.
Pride! mark the idle zephyrs play
With the monarch oak's fresh budding spray;
Frolicking, flitting, round leaf and stem—
And the oak, no scorn hath he for them,
But frolicking, fluttering too, I wis,
Giveth whisper for whisper and kiss for kiss.
Pride! watch the stream on its way to ocean
Gilding along with a merry motion,
How it gurgles and eddies, in pure delight,
Round the cup-lily's blossoms, broad and white,
But a little further, perchance you'll see
Its current laving as lovingly

The poor little daisy, meekest of all,
That peeping forth from its grassy thrall,
Bends down its small sweet face to see
What it is that murmurs so tenderly.
Pride! on man only that curse is hurled—
There is no such thing in Nature's world!

So the Sycamore deigned, though stately and tall,
To shield from the sunbeams, one and all
The stream at its foot, till the noon-day's reign
Was ended, and over wood and plain
The cool eve-shadows fell soft again.
And the little brook, as wool-folks tell,
Its plighted promise fulfilled so well,
That at dawn, when the season of dreams was past,
Of all the trees in that forest vast
The Sycamore woke from sleep the last.
Woke with a sigh too, that clearly meant
A feeling of inward discontent
At the change from wonder and witchery,
From honey-dew, odours and harmony,
To the common earth and the common sky.
And I've heard the learned in leafy lore
Declare of all sounds in the Sycamore,
That this is their burden and this their strain—
"Sing me, oh sing me that song again!"

Perhaps the most thoroughly *original* poem in the volume is

THE GRAVE IN THE CITY.

Not there, not there!
Not in that nook that ye deem so fair;—
Little rock I of the blue bright sky,
And the stream that floweth so murmuringly,
And the bending boughs, and the breezy air—
Not there, good friends, not there!

In the City Churchyard, where the grass
Growth rank and black, and where never a ray
Of that self-same sun doth find its way
Through the heaped-up houses' scurried mass—
Where the only sounds are the voice of the throng,
And the clatter of wheels as the rush along—
Or theplash of the rain, or the wind's hoarse cry,
Or the busy tramp of the passer-by,
Or the toll of the bell on the heavy air—
Good friends, let it be *there*!

I am old, my friends—I am very old—
Four score and five,—and bitter cold—
Were that air on the hill-side far away;
Eighty full years, content I trow,
Have I lived in the home where ye see me now,
And trod those dark streets day by day,
Till my soul doth love them;—I love them all,
Each battered pavement, and blackened wall,
Each court and corner! Good sooth! to me
They are all comely and fair to see—
They have *old faces*—each one doth tell
A tale of its own that doth like me well,—
A tale—sad, or merry, as it may be,
From the quaint old book of my history.

And, friends, when this weary pain is past,
Pain would I lay me to rest at last
In their very midst:—full sure am I,
How dark soever be earth and sky,
I shall sleep softly—I shall know
That the things I loved so here below
Are about me still—so never care
That my last home looketh all bleak and bare—
Good friends, let it be there!

Social Position: or "Our Recommendations." A Satire.
London: Pickering.

"Then general satire, we must all confess,
Has its peculiar advantages."

THIS meets the eye in the third page. Such a rhyme does not exhibit a proper regard for the mechanism of verse. But this might be forgiven if there was any novelty in the thoughts, or vigour in the satire. There is neither. It is one of those poems which make us wonder wherefore it was written, and still more why it was printed. It is a waste of paper, for it can never attain to popularity, nor hope even for a select circle of admirers. Without being positively bad, it is certainly wanting in everything that would recommend it to public favour. It is common-place prose, not improved by being turned into imperfect verse.

RELIGION.

The History of Religion. A Rational Account of True Religion. By JOHN EVELYN, Author of "Sylva," &c., now first published from the original M.S. at Wotton. Edited with Notes, by the Rev. A. M. EVANSON, B.A. Rector of Lanovy, Monmouthshire. In 2 vols. London: Colburn. 1850.

IN the library of W. J. EVELYN, Esq. M.P., the descendant and representative of the family of the famous Author of "Sylva," repose a vast number of manuscripts collected, and many of them written by him. In making search among them for the purpose of illustrating the *Life of Mrs. Godolphin*, there was discovered the *History of Religion*, which the enterprise of Mr. COLBURN has now given to the world. It has been wisely rescued from oblivion; for its antique style, its copiousness of learning and illustration, and the name and fame of the author, will tempt many to read and profit by it, who would turn away from a theological treatise presented in scholastic form by a divine whose business it was to preach and teach, and who might be supposed, therefore, to be less impartial in his arguments.

The first characteristic that strikes one upon the perusal of these pages, is their wonderful copiousness of citation and fertility of illustration and argument. EVELYN pressed all his learning into the service of this work. Its fault, indeed, to modern eyes, will lie in its expansiveness; but to us there is a charm in this sort of gossiping discourse, in which the good man retires to his study and commits to paper his thick-coming thoughts as they arise, studded with gems taken from a wide range of reading, and varied with snatches of poetry, and rising at times to eloquence as his heart glows with the theme, and his mind expands to "the height of his great argument," which we do not find in more strictly logical writers. They may convince our reason more thoroughly, but they do not so command themselves to our feelings, and EVELYN would, we believe, make more converts in the great world than Butler; so much more numerous are hearts than heads, so much more efficient is persuasion than reason.

The plan which EVELYN has followed is simple and obvious enough, for it is the natural order of knowledge. He first proves the existence of a Supreme Being, shown by the

universal suffrage of mankind, by the creation of the world, by the soul of man and by the manifest providence in the government of the world. He then proceeds to inquire what that Supreme Being is,—his attributes and his angels. He next proves the soul to be immortal, and that religious worship is one of its duties. From this the inquiry proceeds necessarily to the last question, which, of all the forms of religion, is the true one, and having examined each one, he decides in favour of Christianity and, upon the Church of England as containing the purest and truest Christianity.

But EVELYN's Church of Englandism will not satisfy either of the parties now struggling for ascendancy in the Church. He is for the mild, moderate, and tolerant views, which, until lately, were supposed to be the special claim of the Church of England to regard, the source of her power and the security for her continued existence. He loves her, and prefers her to all others, because she opens her doors to all who call upon the name of JESUS, without requiring that they shall be as one with her or with one another upon every article of faith, in interpretation of mysteries and in the assignment of meanings to words, whether in a natural or a non-natural sense.

At this time, when the tendency of conflict and controversy is to drive men to extremes, and when, in the heat of discussion, moderation is likely to be forgotten, and moderate men thrust aside and trodden over by the bellicent from either camp, such a voice as this, which is, as it were, a voice from the dead, and which comes to them from a man of learning and piety, whose judgment was not disturbed by passion, cannot fail to be of signal service by turning the thoughts into a more Christian channel, and impressing the importance of preserving the middle path in argument and in act. Into whatever house it is received, it will assuredly be one of the Sunday books which do not sleep upon the shelf.

We take but one extract to show the manner of the book. It is a highly practical passage.

THE SOUL.

It is the weight of this body of ours, depressing and sinking the soul into matter, makes it so difficult to emerge; but then she is illustrious, when, withdrawing herself from this low converse, she shakes her fetters off, abdicates the senses, and, by a kind of anticipation, quits the lump of body before their natural dissolution; and she returns to her own substance when she returns to *virtue*.

This recess, and how to profit by it—sh, how delicious! how charming! When I consider the sacred pledge of a soul, concredited, as she is, by God to every man, and who expects he should return her *Him* again pure and immaculate as He gave it her! What shall we say when he finds her so deformed, so ugly, unclean, and unlike what she was as to profess He knows her not? What excuse for the unfaithfulness of our trust, the vices contracted, and that from so noble and generous a stock, so celestial a race? That this daughter of God and sister of angels, capable of infinite happiness, should lose her birthright, be ejected from her native country, and made miserable to eternity! How has such a soul cause to reproach one, that, being of so free and ingenuous a nature, we should confine her to a sordid dungeon; bring her into such abandoned company, and never give her breath or suffer her to act like herself, to trim and prune her wings! Contemplate from whence she came and whither she should go! How may she not execrate and curse the flesh that made her such a drudge; and that when marriageable to an empire bigger than all the world, she has been betrayed to a poor and wretched lazar! When she might have been learned, knowing, pure, and full of light, we have brought her up in ignorance, and put

out her very eyes! When she was designed the happiest of all created beings, we have reduced her to this misery! But thus the lovely bride, this innocent and spotless virgin, is no sooner born but see how she is bestowed! The living is bound to the dead; the clean and pure to a sordid and ulcerous companion! For, why else so low-spirited, so soon in wrath at every trifles; so fearful, jealous, and diffident, proud and covetous, voluptuous and vain? In a word, why do we lie in all this ordure and inactive sloth, when there is a kingdom before us, mansions of bliss, and the journey yet so short, so easy, so delightful?

But from this, and a thousand deaths besides, she only can be freed by breaking her prison doors; not of the body, those walls of flesh, that environ her, but of the vices she has contracted, which is the Centaur that detains her in the labyrinth. On the other side, if so she have behaved herself, as by resisting the violence offered her, to recover her native freedom, and, emancipated from the tyranny she had been under, resume her virtue, she is immediately joined in second nuptials to a choice and glorious condition, where she now dwells no longer under subjection; but, being arbitress of her own happiness, and reinforced with uncontrollable powers, is able to vanquish all assaults, allay and charm those perturbations that the slavish and mutinous passions at any time insolently raise against her. She controls inclination, composes the lower appetites, withdraws incentives, moderates and coheres whatever she finds exorbitant, and acts the part of a wise and sovereign princess, and sits like a queen indeed: *Et presto est Domina omnium et Regina ratio*, as the orator has described her.

God and Man: being Outlines of Religious and Moral Truth, according to Scripture and the Church. By the Rev. ROBERT MONTGOMERY, M. A., author of "The Christian Life," &c. London: Longman and Co. 1850.

WITH a few exceptions, these pages are expanded from *Outlines of Discourses and Lectures delivered in the Metropolis and elsewhere*.

The author has set before him a great task: his subjects are the highest that could engage human contemplation: the most prominent of them are the Revealed Personality of God: the Supremacy of Scripture: and the Kingdom of Grace, or Spiritual Theocracy. Such themes are not for discussion in the limited columns of a literary periodical, and it is a rule with us, in reviewing books devoted to the subject of religion, on which such countless differences prevail, merely to give a brief account of the topics treated of by the author, leaving it to the reader, if he is pleased with the promise, to resort to the book for further information. There is much in the volume on our table to tempt us to depart from the wholesome rule, for it is not often that the theme is treated so largely and with so little sectarianism or dogmatism: but let the rule be once broken, and others who have not the same good reason, will point to the example and claim a like consideration. We must, therefore, but reluctantly, observe the old limits, and content ourselves with indicating the most remarkable of the subjects handled by Mr. MONTGOMERY in this remarkable volume.

He commences with a novel and eloquent exposition of the leading idea of God and Man, according to Scripture, and the claims of the Bible to become the ultimate standard. He then shows the connexion that exists between simplicity of heart and scriptural truth, followed by a luminous sketch of individual experience in relation to the subject. "The Awfulness of Human Speech" is next considered, but here we cannot quite follow the poet's flight, for there is nothing more awful in fact in human speech than in human

thought or human writing. It strikes us that there is more of poetry than of reality in this discourse. "The Living Aspect of Christianity towards little Children," is a beautiful chapter, abounding in refined thoughts, overflowing the purest and holiest emotions, and sentiments the most pious and exalted. It is poetry from the beginning to the end, where poetry is quite in place. This might be advantageously reprinted, and circulated as a tract in the homes of the poor, where, in its present form, it never can be seen.

A series of discourses follow, which relate mainly to the Church as a national institution, and which we can recommend to the perusal of those whose confidence in her has been shaken by recent events. "The Individuality of Man, and the Loneliness of Christ," is the somewhat fanciful title given to the essay next in order, but which nevertheless suggests a great deal of reflection for the thoughtful. The "Benefits conferred by the Poor upon the Rich," is another eloquent paper containing some new suggestions, which cannot fail to have their effect, and to induce the rich to look with less impatience upon the presence of their poorer brethren. "Doctrinal Views of our Lord's Temptation;" "On Realizing CHRIST in Heaven;" "The Love of Praise, and Desire for Intellectual Immortality," are the remaining of the longer discourses; but interspersed with them are numerous short papers on very various subjects, some even touching on temporal themes, but all associated with and pervaded by the religious *idea* which has taken such full possession of Mr. MONTGOMERY's mind, in which he lives and moves, and which is visible in everything he has written. Some of these essays are on very strange themes, as "Are Angels employed in administering the Laws of Nature?" "Antichrist in a printed form." Others are on the verge of being political, as those on "The Present Duty of the State towards the National Church;" "The Social Omnipotence of the Press;" "Political Wisdom inseparable from Divine Truth;" "Saving action of the Church upon the powers of the State," &c. Others again are philosophical in their character, as the discourse on "The Conscious Life of Disembodied Souls," and others of a general bearing, as that on "The Dangers and Delusions of Literary Ambition in the Young." We give the conclusion of this as a specimen of the style of one of the most eloquent additions recently made to the religious library:

But undaunted, perchance, by reflections such as these, which to the confidence of youth may rather seem like the mutterings of misanthropy than the sober deductions of moral discriminations, some fond anticipator of literary renown will continue to idealize his triumphs in the distance of an imagined future; and when invited to enjoy the blessedness of those who take the yoke of Christ upon them, and "find rest unto their souls," will turn away, like the young man in the gospel, sorrowfully doubting. Moreover, we may be told, "it is a noble and inspiring thing to body forth the conceptions of mind; to utter truths which shall outlive time, outlast decay, and over the kingdom of thought reign like a magic presence, and rule like a universal power." But still, we venture once more, to ask this creator of his own futurity,—have you indeed calmly weighed and modestly estimated your claims to dominion in the world of literature, or in the walk of mind? Are you quite sure the promptings of vanity mingle best with the aspirations of youth, and that you do not mistake the desire for the capacity of standing foremost among masters of intellect and inheritors of renown? Above all we remind, it is not now as it was some half century ago, when learning and science, and

art, were the pursuits of the refined, and the privilege of only the tasteful few. In our day, excitements of an intellectual cast, assimilate for evil or for good, the lowest as well as the loftiest ranks of society. Every field of literary pursuit is occupied; every avenue to fame crowded; and not a path to eminence, which is not traced by the hurried tread of feverish and countless aspirants. Consider also, we entreat you, ere you desert the "way of pleasantness," to which a Saviour's love invites you, what a system of favouritism the arbiters of public taste have long since established; and how rarely the product of mind is permitted to be judged by independent grounds. Rank, patronage, or partisanship together, with influences of baser kind—all, in their turn, operate on the transient awarders of that renown you so weakly pursue. For one work of intellectual pretension which experiences the judgment of impartial truth, and the analysis of correct taste, and thousands are left to languish in unappreciated excellence, or, assailed by the sarcasm of the witling, and sneered at by the presumption of the vain. Remember, too, the thoughts which form the inward brightness of your soul, and fill your mental solitude with beauty; gain no respect from men who will not take the trouble to discern the one, or have not the honesty to admit the other. Genius is not what all can appreciate; and novel success is a crime which disappointed emulation will seldom forgive.

The Christian Gentleman's Daily Walk. By Sir ARCHIBALD EDMONSTONE, Bart. Third Edition. London: Masters.

A SKETCH of the daily life of a Christian Gentleman as it ought to be. The writer has caught the tone and manner of a past age, and the simplicity of the style and excellence of the teachings, sufficiently account for the appearance of "Third Edition" on the title-page.

Sermons. By the Rev. THOMAS BINNEY, Minister of the Weigh House Chapel. London: Paul. 1850. THE second of a series of small and cheap books, each devoted to the select sermons of some popular teacher—a religious *Parlour Library*, equally inexpensive, and which might well be called the *Sunday Library*. These sermons have been recently delivered, and some of them on great public occasions, as the Fast-day for the Cholera.

EDUCATION AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

Exercises in French Orthography, on a Plan entirely New. By C. W. HICKETTORN. London: Relfe and Fletcher. 1850.

It is difficult to describe this new plan. It consists in giving a number of words similar in sound, followed by a series of sentences in which each of those words are used, omitting the word which the student is to supply, and thereby to test his knowledge of the spelling of it. The idea is a good one, and it is ingeniously worked out.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Opinions of the Right Hon. Sir Robert Peel, expressed in Parliament and in Public. Second Edition. With a Biographical Memoir. London: A. Hall and Co. 1850.

It was with a sigh and a heartache that we opened this volume. The man whom, of all living, we had most esteemed and honoured, in whom we had reposed the most entire confidence, to whom we had looked as a refuge for the country in times of distress and difficulty, which periodically return to the most flourishing people, so lately full of life and vigour, is now gone—for ever lost to us, and only the memory of his greatness remaining, to be the polar star of future statesmen. But we wrong him in this. He is not quite dead. His works remain to remind us, and our children's children, of the name of their great benefactor, who will assuredly, as he hoped he should, be remembered sometimes in the cottages of the poor as they eat their untaxed bread untaxed by him—and the sweeter that it is not leavened by the sense of injustice. How that sentence comes back to us now that himself has departed. It should be inscribed on all his monuments; it should be written

in all histories of our times, for that it is which endeared him to the nation, and has made his loss a national calamity—an European grief.

This volume has been opportunely reprinted. The first edition appeared some years since and was popular. This one will be yet more so. It is a better revelation than any memoir of the marvellous industry, and vast and varied knowledge, of Sir ROBERT PEEL. The subjects here selected from his speeches embrace every important topic that has engaged the attention of Parliament for the last thirty years. On all of them he has spoken wisely and well. This volume is a monument to his intellectual fame, which will endure when even stone has decayed. It is more. It is a store from which those who come after him and desire to follow in his footsteps will gather great wisdom; they will learn how it was that his speeches were so effective; whence the source of his influence; how much in this country good sense combined with industry can outshine the most brilliant talents that want those solid foundations. But we are dwelling too long on a second edition. The very announcement of the title will induce hundreds to buy, and read and ponder on what they read, who, but for the tragedy of the time, would have passed it unnoticed. The country will thank the publishers for this contribution, the most valuable yet subscribed to the fame of Sir ROBERT PEEL.

Observations on London Milk, &c. By H. HUDSON RUGG, M.R.C.S. London: Bailey and Moon.

ALTHOUGH Mr. RUGG is riding his hobby rather hard, the London public are indebted to him for the zeal with which he has attacked one of the most crying abuses in this great city. He proves that the stuff called milk is made up of all kinds of beastliness; that it is positively unwholesome; that it is mixed to one half with water; that it implants the seeds of scrofula and consumption, and that for all this there is the most absolute impunity to the rascals who so cheat and poison us. He calls out hastily for government interference. He would make it penal to sell adulterated milk. Nothing is so easily proved, for a lactometer betrays in a moment the smallest quantity of water and other foreign substances.

This, however, would be but a partial remedy, although one that ought to be adopted. We would suggest a better one still. Let all who desire to have their families supplied with real pure milk, form a company, with small shares, and contract with some farmers in the neighbourhood of London for a sufficient supply of the genuine article to be sent up by railway, tested by the office, and carried out by the Company's servants. No housekeeper would object to pay a small extra price for milk, instead of milk and water, or milk and brains, and the shareholders would have the double advantage of good interest for their money, and good milk for their breakfast. Nothing could be more easily managed, if a few spirited persons would take it up. A list of customers could be obtained in a week that would secure a sale, and consequently a profit. Why does not Mr. RUGG set it a-going?

Chambers's Papers for the People. Vol. III. London: Chambers.

THIS publication maintains the character that was predicted for it—and is alike useful, instructive, and varied, and cheap. Of the eight papers in this volume we have read three—"The Speculator—a tale of Mammon Worship"—"Mechanics Institutions" and "Thomas Campbell." The tale is alike full of information, mental grasp, and powerful, because natural and truthful writing. The biography of CAMPBELL imparts much regarding the poet, which was before but ill digested—but it is not a too favourable account of the man. The writer on Mechanics' Institutions seeks to inspire courage in the hearts of those whose faith in these societies their experience has broken down. He shows that their comparative failure has not been because the public does not value instruction, but because founders were too enthusiastic, and promised too much—and because the conduct of these societies has been too didactic. The other papers which we have not read, are, "Arctic Explorations," "Social Utopias," "Carthage and the Carthaginians," "Recent Discoveries in Astronomy," and "The White Swallow—an Indian Tale."

The Family Friend. Vol. 2. London: Houlston and Stoneman.

THIS is the second volume of a very cheap periodical of a much higher class, however, than many dearer ones. It is carefully adapted for family reading, and contains tales, essays, enigmas, music, anecdotes, recipes, poetry, original and selected, illustrated with engravings. No wonder that its sale has become so great for it is very judiciously conducted, and the volume forms really a handsome drawing-room table book.

The following *jeu d'esprit* is attributed to Sir JAMES ROSE, one of the Masters in Chancery:—

REPORT OF THE GORIHAM CASE.

ARGUMENT PRO.

Baptized, the Baby
Becomes "sine labe;"
As the act makes him,
So the Church takes him.

ARGUMENT CON.

Unless he fit,
Very much doubt it—
Devil a bit
Is it valid without it.

JUDGMENT.

Bishop and Vicar,
Why do you bicker
Each with his brother;
Both of you right,—
Or one is quite
Wrong as the other?

ADJUDICATION.

Bishop non-suited,
Priest unrefuted,
Be instituted.

COSTS.

Deliberative,
Pondering well,
Each took a shell,—
The Lawyers, the native!

LAW PROPERTY ASSURANCE AND TRUST SOCIETY.

ONE of the most useful objects of this Society is to enable persons to make provision for that which they too often neglect, thereby involving themselves in difficulty and sometimes in ruin.

Almost all houses and buildings that are let for short terms, as for seven, fourteen, or twenty-one years, have a covenant that the tenant shall paint the outside of the buildings every third year, and the inside every seventh year, and that he shall leave them in good repair and condition.

A tenant takes premises on such terms, and he calculates his rent at so much a year, but he seldom reflects that the cost of painting outside every third year, and inside every seventh year, and of putting the premises in complete repair on quitting, is equal to an addition of 10*l.* or 15*l.* a year to his rent. He makes no provision for this charge. When the time comes for the outlay, he has not the money to pay for it, and he goes to credit, or an action is brought against him for the neglect, and he is ruined.

One of the objects of the *Law Property Assurance Society*, is to enable the tenants of premises so held to provide these required repairs without inconvenience. This it effects by agreeing to advance the necessary sum to meet the expenses, on payment of a fixed annual premium.

It may be said, as it is said, that if the tenant would put by the same sum every year in his own strong-box, he would have an equal provision when the time comes for the expenditure. But there are two reasons why this manner of saving is less advantageous than that offered to him by the Society. In the first place, he would not, at the end of the term, have accumulated so much, because the Society, putting together a number of small

contributions, is able to command for the whole a good interest, which cannot be procured for a single small sum. Secondly, it is well known that of his own accord a man will not steadily put into his desk a fixed sum every year. He is tempted too easily to break through the rule; he diverts it to other purposes, and finds himself in the end without the fund which he had intended to accumulate. But he cannot do so with an assurance. He has a fixed premium to pay yearly, and he arranges his expenditure so as to meet it, counting that as a part of his expenditure, like his rent, or his taxes. He must pay it by a certain day, and he makes an effort to do so. When paid, it is no longer at his own disposal; he cannot be tempted to use it for other purposes. He is, as it were, compelled to save, and in the manner the most advantageous to himself.

This, indeed, is one of the greatest benefits resulting from *assurance*, and it is one which has not yet been sufficiently impressed upon the public mind.

Every reader, therefore, who is tenant of property, which he is required to paint and repair, ought, for his own security, to assure in the Law Property Assurance Society, to provide himself with the sum necessary to enable him so to do when the time comes.

So, if he has paid a sum of money for his lease, as often happens, he should insure the property, so as to obtain from the Society, when the lease expires, the return of the money he has paid for it. He will thus prevent the loss which he will otherwise incur when the property goes, and with it the money he has paid for it. The sum so to be paid is extremely trifling for long terms. Thus, to secure the repayment of 1000*l.* paid for a lease of ninety-nine years, the annual payment is only 33*s. 4d.*

How much the plans of the Society are already understood and appreciated, will be shown by the fact, that at the meeting of the Board on the 18th ult., nineteen policies were executed, and on Friday last fourteen. The total number now issued is no less than forty-seven, and many more are in progress.

In answer to some inquiries it may be stated, that the plan of this new Assurance Office was suggested by the editor of the *LAW TIMES*, who had learned, from his extensive intercourse with the Profession, the practical difficulties and inconveniences to which property is liable, and devised this method of completely removing them. It has had the universal approval of the Profession, and the combination of business connected with property, and the full application which it, for the first time, has made of the principle of Assurance, marks it out for one of the greatest institutions in the country. It was brought into being by the perseverance of the promoter. It is directly connected with the *LAW TIMES*, which vouches for its respectability, and if the prospectus in another page be studied by the reader, he will find that he can resort to no office offering equal advantages to him, whether he desires to insure his life, his leasehold, his copyhold, his title, to give a guarantee for him to his employers, to become his trustee, or to collect his rents. The following are the Agents already appointed, and on application to either of them, policies may be effected, or by writing directly to the Secretary at the office.

Arundel—Mr. Robert French.

Battle—Mr. Robert Young.

Birkenhead—Mr. James Gill.

Bolton—Messrs. Watkins.
" " Messrs. Richardson and Marsland.

Bradford (Yorkshire)—Mr. E. A. Barret.

Braintree—Mr. M. Lane.

Bridgwater—Mr. Vaughan Prance.

Bristol—Mr. J. Harrington Bush.

Canterbury—Mr. H. Sladden.

Christchurch—Mr. James Druitt.

Dorchester—Messrs. Coombs and Son.

Dover—Messrs. Pain and Fielding.

East Dereham—Mr. N. Girling.

Folkestone and Hythe—Messrs. Brockman and Watts.

Greenwich—Mr. M. Taylor, Circus.

Halstead—Mr. J. G. Shepherd.

Hastings—Mr. Charles Payne.

Hull—Mr. C. J. Todd.

Littlehampton—Mr. Robert French.

Manchester—Mr. C. Gamon.

Northampton—Mr. George Cooke.

Ringwood—Mr. N. T. Johns.

Rugley—Mr. James Gardner.

Salisbury—Mr. E. C. P. Kelsey.

Sherborne—Mr. B. Chandler.

Tring—Mr. G. L. Faithfull.

Yeovil—Messrs. Slade and Vining.

MUSIC.

The Chanter's Hand-Guide for the use of Churches, Chapels, Training Colleges, Schools, &c., containing the Psalter, the Canticles, &c., pointed for chanting, with three hundred and seventy-three Cathedral Chants. Edited by JOSEPH WARREN, Organist of St. Mary's Chapel, Chelsea. London: Cocks & Co.

THE title page of this valuable volume is its best recommendation. The contents speak for themselves. Mr. WARREN has carefully edited this large collection of sacred music here presented to the public. The music is conveniently arranged, so that it is rarely necessary to turn over the leaf in the middle of the piece. The music is placed at the top of the page, and under it all the words, noted for chanting. Of the 373 chants here contained, a considerable portion are now for the first time published: some being quite original, others having been preserved only in the private books of cathedrals and churches; and a magnificent collection it is. No cultivator of that most sublime of all music—sacred music—and most noble of exercises, praising God in strains worthy of Him—should be without this volume, which has not its fellow in the whole range of our musical literature.

Thou art my King, O God. Anthem for four Voices and Chorus. By JOHN LODGE ELLERTON, Esq. Lonsdale.

Song of the Stars to the Earth. Words from the German of STOLBERG. Music by J. L. ELLERTON, Esq. Lonsdale.

THERE is music in Mr. ELLERTON, and he has the power of giving expression to it. His anthem is fine, and has the sentiment of worship in its tone. The *Song of the Stars* is a sweet and original duet, which congenial voices would render divinely.

Warren's Psalmody, Parts 1 to 3 (Cocks & Co.), is a very cheap collection of psalm and hymn tunes, carefully edited, and sold at a price which will enable every village child to possess them.

The Church Musician, Nos. 1 to 3, is a monthly periodical to be devoted to sacred music. Its contents consist of historical and critical notices of this branch of music, and instructions for its cultivation, and the commencement of a complete collection of the most famous works belonging to it.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHIT CHAT.

Mr. BOLTON is to re-open the Olympic this week for a short period.—Musical talkers state that Mr. Sims Reeves is shortly to be married to Miss Lucombe.—There have been plentiful reports of Mrs. Clifford's decease. She has been ill, but is now fast recovering.—Mr. Cooper, the American novelist, has produced a comedy, called *Upside Down, or Philosophy in Petticoats*.

coats, to satirize the doctrines of Communism, and the rights of women. The newspapers speak of it as wanting in dramatic effect, and dull, with some strong hits.—Sir E. Bulwer Lytton has, we hear, a play forthcoming for the Princess's Theatre.—The Printers' Amateur Dramatic Society gave an entertainment at the Strand Theatre, on Saturday, the 20th ult, in aid of the funds of the Industrial Exhibition of 1851. The performances were the play of *The Hunchback*, the farce of *The Eton Boy*, and *Sketches in India*.—Madame Jenny Lind is engaged to sing for the Philharmonic Society of Liverpool on the 16th and 19th of August, before she sails for America. It is said she is to receive 1,000£. for her services. A New York paper mentions that state rooms have been taken for Jenny Lind and friends in one of the United States mail steamers. The party will consist of Jenny Lind, Mr. Julius Benedict, Signor Belletti, and Jenny Lind's secretary, female companions, and servants.—Among the principal vocalists already engaged for the Gloucester Festival, are Madame Sontag and Madame Castellan. It is said that Sontag will possibly join Signor Ronconi's Italian opera corps, at Paris, during the winter.—There is little news from the Continent of any "mark or likelihood." Herr Schumann's opera, *Génieve*, was produced at Leipzig on the 28th of June. "This work," says the *Gazette Musicale*, "after having been much recommended beforehand, does not seem to have satisfied public expectation, being concert music, without any dramatic force?"—It is remarkable that some of the greatest singers have failed at their first outset: Pasta, as we have seen, did; Malibran retired for four years, after her first *début* in 1825; Persiani made but a poor impression compared with her subsequent achievements; of Viardot, too, the same must be said; and Mario is now a far greater singer than could have been expected from his early performances. Here is good encouragement to study.

ART.

The Paradise Lost of Milton, with Illustrations. By JOHN MARTIN. London: Washbourne. 1850.

FOR nothing that he has done will Mr. MARTIN be longer remembered, or held in higher honour, than for his illustrations of *Paradise Lost*. We remember well the excitement they produced in the public mind when first they appeared in periodical issue. It was felt that at last the conceptions of the poet had found a painter competent to embody them. It had been attempted a hundred times, but always with the same result. The artist fell so far short of the poet that the picture was looked upon with contempt as unworthy of its theme: every spectator had an ideal in his own mind very superior to that which the pencil had represented to his eye. This is the reason why almost all pictorial illustrations of poetry are disappointing. The marvel of Mr. MARTIN's illustrations of MILTON lies in this, that they do not disappoint; that they are not felt to be unworthy of the poet; that our own imaginations are surpassed by the representations of the artist. This is genius, and genius second only to that of the poet.

But this magnificent work, necessarily very costly, was sold to those who could afford to buy, and when more were called for the old plates were used, and the impressions taken from them were so bad as to become almost unintelligible, and then buyers complained, and upon the artist fell the complaints that should have been directed to the publisher. Happily for Mr. MARTIN's fame the copyright passed into the hands of Mr. WASHBOURNE. He immediately caused the plates to be restored, and the worst of them to be re-engraved, and now he has reproduced MARTIN's Milton in all its original splendour and perfection, but at one half of its original price, so that instead of being, as formerly, the possession only of the rich, it may now become the treasure of the middle classes, of persons whose tastes are refined, but whose means of gratifying them are limited.

We open upon Satan's address to his fallen army, a conception as simply grand as was that of the poets. But for vastness of desolation the Sea of Hell is unrivalled. One looks into the blackness, and sees through it an endless vista of suggested horrors. It is a dream of the pencil. But Satan in Conclave is the grandest idea ever embodied by painter. He is seated on a globe,

and this vast amphitheatre, with its enormous crowd, is suggested, not shown. The City of Heaven is one of Mr. MARTIN's architectural prodigies; but it approaches higher to our idea of a Celestial City than anything ever before outlined. Eve in Paradise is not so pleasing. Mr. MARTIN cannot draw the human figure, but otherwise when he shapes angels and fiends, as when, at the touch of Ithuriel's spear, Satan starts into his own shape: the story is magnificently told. The Morning Hymn also is very fine, but it wants distinctness: too much is left to the fancy. In Adams discoursing with the Angels, we are presented with a noble landscape, and Creation is as sublime a conception as ever was formed in a painter's brain, but it proves the impossibility of any embodiment of the idea. Eve and the Serpent is another bit of wondrous landscape gardening. "Heaven" is a vision of surpassing glory and beauty. The closing of the Gates of Paradise against the guilty pair is a worthy representation of the grand imagination of the poet, and Adam and Eve expelled descending the rugged mountain, with clouds all about them, and "the world all before them" will never be forgotten by those who once gaze upon it.

The poem thus magnificently illustrated is superbly printed in quarto, and forms by far the most valuable and interesting edition of *Paradise Lost* which has ever been produced. As a glorious work of art it will be the adornment of every room in which it may be found, and it confers honour upon our literature, by preserving its greatest poem in a form which becomes it, embracing the loftiest imaginations of the poet and the artist, congenial spirits in this respect, and whose works are peculiarly adapted to go together.

The Evening Hymn. From a picture by Mr. COKE SMITH, engraved by W. F. DAVEY. London: Fuller.

THE subject of this engraving was doubtless suggested by the extraordinary success that attended *We praise Thee, O God*, the group of choristers to be seen in every print shop, and almost in every house, and to which the print now before us is a worthy companion. Nay, to our taste, this is the preferable one, for there is more sentiment in it, and more that is praiseworthy in its artistic composition and finish. It represents a group of five charity girls singing the hymn, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." The expression of the uplifted faces is that of adoration making itself audible in music. So do they seem to sing, that the fancy could almost embody the sound of the sacred chant. The two in the background are thrown into shadow with a fine effect. There is the spirit of worship in this print, which must recommend it to a popularity as wide as was enjoyed by its companion choristers. It is exquisitely engraved by Mr. DAVEY.

Views of the Abbey of Glastonbury. (In illustration of particulars of sale.) Drawn and Lithographed by A. T. DOLBY. Small folio, pp. 30. Wells: S. Backhouse.

THE work before us forms a striking example of the spirit and liberality with which public sales of property are at the present day conducted in this country. The venerable and greatly admired Abbey of Glastonbury, and an extensive and valuable circumjacent estate, are about to change proprietors. The conduct of the sale has been entrusted to a gentleman widely known and honourably distinguished in his profession (Mr. FRED. CHINNOCK), who, wisely estimating the effect of illustrations in diffusing just notions of the beauty and value of such a property, has caused eight drawings on stone, of the most florid and striking parts of this famous and unrivalled ruin, to be made by competent artists, and affixed thereto a succinct and exceedingly interesting history of the abbey and the surrounding country, from the first century downwards. The illustrations are executed with great spirit, and with an accuracy to which we can bear personal testimony. They are in the new style of chroma-lithography, and, altogether, form one of the most beautiful series of prints in this style of art we have ever seen. They comprise views of—1. Ruins of the Nave. 2. The North Door of St. Joseph's Chapel. 3. St. Joseph's Chapel, from the south. 4. The same, looking east. 5. The same, from the Crypt. 6. The same, from the north-east. 7. The same, north side. 8. General View from the

east. With the history, these form a work equally suitable for the library and drawing-room table, and for literary and mechanics' institutes. It will also be found acceptable to all who relish fine architecture or perfect pictures, and who set value upon the history of one of the most important religious houses founded in this kingdom.

The Art Journal for July contains an engraving of LINNELL's picture of "The Windmill," and one of ETTY's, "The Duett;" both in the Vernon Gallery. A large plate of BAILEY's statue of "Eve Listening to the Voice," is also presented. The miscellaneous matter and the wood-cut illustrations are up to the high standard the editor has attained—Mrs. S. C. HALL's "Memories of Miss Jane Porter" being a very acceptable contribution, and the more valuable on account of the wood-cuts with which it is illustrated.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

[FIFTH NOTICE.]

AMONG the domestic pictures, Mr. HARVEY'S *Bowlers* (No. 452) is conspicuous. National enough it assuredly is, but more so in manner than in characterization. The effort to work up to a standard of colour is palpable; and the result, however admirable it may be in the eyes of a picture dealer, is false in those of a student of nature. We like the introduction of the domine among the players, as truthful, and out of the beaten path of routine. Mr. COLLINSON has reason to complain of the hangers. His former works entitled him to consideration; and his *Answering the Emigrant's Letter* (No. 448) of this year shows—what, however, nothing short of an opera glass will reveal—an advance in executive skill, some portions being painted with extraordinary delicacy. Besides this, the subject is of so unostentatious a description, as evidently to require to be fully seen in all the detail of its rendering in order to be at all appreciated. A contemporary observes that there are no means of determining that the letter is being written to an emigrant; but a microscopic investigation would have satisfied him that the principal figure holds a map of the district: and from this the inference is obvious. Many nice gradations of incident and character have been here condemned to oblivion. Mr. RANKLEY is more uninteresting than usual this year—which is saying a good deal. Is there anything in the mere formal outside of Sunday-school teaching worthy of being interpreted in art? Far be it from us to attempt to circumscribe the choice of subject: but a literal rendering, remarkable neither in purpose nor in execution, of an array of charity girls' clothes, and the charity-girls thereto appertaining, together with a commonplace clergyman and a lady or two (No. 144), tells nothing one need care to be told. *Contentment* (No. 597,) is somewhat more of a subject, and a rather better picture. The absolute likeness between the various characters of Mr. RANKLEY's repertory, that was so striking in his picture last year, is here carried to an excess that might warrant the supposition of an elderly woman, and a child just emerging from infancy, having been, in fact, painted from the same model: but in this case family resemblance may fairly be pleaded. Mr. GOODALL, in *The Woodman's Home* (No. 443), is below, we need not say good art, but himself; and Mr. JOHNSTON'S *Hay Field* (No. 430,) is peculiarly artificial, even among his own works, and in a subject professedly simple. *Socialists* (No. 252), a small picture by Mr. ARMITAGE, is very clever, condensing a considerable amount of character into a trifling space. It should have been more favourably placed. Mr. SOLOMON'S *Too Truthful* (No. 525,) tells its story epigrammatically, and to the apprehension of all, if not to the satisfaction of the more fastidious. Mr. LESLIE, jun., is, in his own peculiar way, decidedly successful in *A Sailor's Yarn* (No. 327.) There is much truth of familiar character in Mr. G. SMITH'S works (Nos. 69 and 413); unaffectedness of style in Mr. GEORGE LANDSEER'S (No. 468); and Mr. W. H. KNIGHT'S *Christmas Party preparing for Blind Man's Buff* (No. 415,) is sufficiently spirited and life-like, though betraying certain tendencies to want of refined feeling.

Mr. FRANK STONE has fallen foul—or should we not rather say fallen soft?—of Shakspeare and Tennyson. We find it difficult to analyse two such works as Nos. 195 and 342, containing, as they do, nothing

striking, and failing because there is nothing high in the intention, nothing original in the presentment. As an instance of dead failure we have seldom seen anything approaching the Prospero; and, from such a father, who can be surprised at such a daughter as the Miranda? No wonder she falls in love with the Ferdinand: were she to wait for years, she would not light upon another being so thoroughly adapted to her, so soulless and incapable. The *Gardener's Daughter* is a shade better: but we do not envy Mr. TENNYSON's feelings on seeing what it is possible to offer to the public as realization of one of his most lovely creations, most glowing in the atmosphere of beauty and poetry.

Mr. O'NEIL is at his customary pitch of pretension in No. 1255, *Esther*, and transgressing his customary limits of indifference, falls into the palpably bad. Mr. HORSLEY's *Hospitality* (No. 221,) does but moderate credit to his powers; nor is Mr. SEVERN fairly represented in No. 569; while the works of Messrs. T. F. MARSHALL, WOOLNOUGH, and BROOKS, exhibit their feebleness adequately enough. Not much, if at all, higher than these, we regret to be compelled to place Mr. PHILLIP—for "this year only," we hope and believe; and Mr. CARY, in No. 436. *The Dream of St. Joseph*, a work very loosely treated in incident and character, is greatly below what last exhibition showed him capable of doing.

Mr. EASTLAKE's imitators, a class to whom we have already referred elsewhere, make this year their wonted gathering; and if they are not this year greatly inferior to the "Good Samaritan" of their prototype, assuredly they are as far as ever from producing anything like the "Flight of Carrara." Mr. HOOK, of whose pictures we spoke last week, belongs perhaps in some degree to this order, as regards quality of sentiment; but, if so, he is, at any rate, king of the tribe, and, as such, not to be named among the herd. Strictly of these, however, are Messrs. LE JEUNE, DORSON and W. J. GRANT. The second-named in particular, is curiously puny and servile: the first is a specimen of elaborate harmlessness, save only in one respect—that he has got his larger picture on the line; and of the third (who can be compared without cruelty only with himself), it may be said that he exhibits perhaps, a trifle more of solidity and (Heaven save the mark!) of expression than in his previous efforts. To the same class may be referred Mr. VINTER'S *Queen Blanche of Castile liberating the Prisoners of Chatevey* (No. 417), to which the last gold medal was awarded by the Academy,—a painfully creditable performance.

A picture possessing much merit of thought and intention is that by Mr. FURSE (467), *Joseph and Mary arriving at Bethlehem*. The expressions are all simple and appropriate, and there is an amount of character introduced which the subject would have failed to suggest to a commonplace painter. The work is one of some fulfilment and much promise, though bearing in its execution some disagreeable tokens of continental study.

A young artist who continues to progress steadily, and whose picture this year gives assured earnest of his eventual success, is Mr. MANLEY. *Gil Blas' Embassy from the Prince of Spain to Catalina*, (498), is extremely careful, and shows a quick sense for richness and harmony of colour. There might be more incident, but Mr. MANLEY, in excessive simplicity of arrangement, errs rather on the right side. Mr. EGLEY, jun., produces *Tartuffe, his Valet and Dorine* (No. 496), clever as a scene from the stage, but perniciously exaggerated if intended for the circumference as it might have been in nature. A clever effect of light and shade by Mr. VAN SCHENDEL (No. 633), deserves mention, though it seems to be produced on rather mechanical principles. There is some merit in the works of Messrs. GILBERT, BARBER, DRUMMOND, FENTON, PITAR, COMPTON, and G. B. O'NEILL. A singular and original effect, subordinated to truth, is produced in *A Girl reflected in a Looking glass* (No. 61), by Mr. A. LUDOVICI. Mr. MADDOX'S *Beatrice Cenci* (No. 565), and Mr. H. PICKERSGILL junior's *Titania* (No. 461), have found their way to the line, why we know not: but, perhaps in the latter case, an association of names may lead to a reasonable guess.

Never have we seen individual dramatic feeling carried further in animal painting than in the works of a German artist, Mr. WOLF: and this united with the most scrupulous adherence to merely animal nature in

action and expression, and with the most elaborate fidelity to form. The incident selected may be of the commonest kind; but Mr. WOLF can succeed in making it really interesting. Thus it is with the *Wild Boar* (No. 256), a perfect poem of its kind, in which the grotesque is swallowed up in the grand. The feeling of the former strikes at first sight of the huge beast standing forward out of the picture, its nose smeared with the snow where it has been grubbing, and its eyes blank and objectless: but the latter idea remains when the barrenness of the else untroubled snow and of the starlit sky has been received into the mind, as the key-note and explanation of the picture. *The Wounded Woodcock* (No. 121) tells an equally complete story, with singular concentration of resource. The stump of a beech-tree's trunk, a spider, and the fallen Autumn leaves, compose the accessories, amid which the woodcock looks piteously out of the corner of his eye, his wing dragging on the earth. It does not strike at once that the minuteness in execution depends more on the multiplicity and detail of the objects represented, in themselves, than on any amount of finish bestowed on their working, unusual as that also is. In *The Dying Partridge* (No. 617) there is the one shade of painfulness too much; the call on the spectator's sympathy has just passed the point at which it can be rendered with pleasure. In respect also to colour and treatment we think this not so entirely satisfactory. On its truth to nature, a sportsmanlike person whom we found contemplating the picture, and whose admiration did not confine itself within his own bosom, may be accepted as a higher authority than ourselves.

Mr. ANSDELL'S single work, *The Rivals* (No. 449), is in his best style; but his incident—an eagle swooping down on two stags whom love has "brought to the death"—is not a very engaging one, nor such as demanded so vast an expenditure of canvas. Mr. SIDNEY COOPER exhibits several skilful cattle-pieces,—with more success, as we think, when unassociated with Mr. LEE, to whose co-operation *The Watering-place* (No. 298) is certainly not much indebted. A well painted piece, *Fish* (No. 330), by Mr. H. MAUL, remarkably correct in tone, deserves mention.

Two of our foremost landscape-painters, Mr. CRESWICK and Mr. LINTON, show to great advantage this year. *The Wind on Shore* (No. 8) is among the happiest efforts of the first-named gentleman; with its low brown sands, and the pale gleam of sunshine on the nearer waves, and its beautifully harmonious colour. It is one of his largest works,—in size, in purpose, and in the (to him) comparatively unwanted nature of the attempt. No. 258 is not more completely described by its title, *The First Glimpse of the Sea*, than itself describes its subject. There is here that essential likeness which the mere imitator will never realize, and which proves the mind in sympathy with the hand. Mr. LINTON'S *Venice* is by far the highest testimony to his powers we have seen for many years, largely wrought in atmospheric relief, and sufficiently Venetian to remind of CANALETTI without the slightest taint of imitation. Grand, though of small dimensions, is *The Temple of Minerva Medica, Rome* (No. 218), the white long clouds seeming truly to float in the warm sky.

Grandeur is the chief element in the works of Mr. ROBERTS likewise; and with this are combined an artistic cleverness, and a novelty which remains impressed on each last production of his hand, spite of the number of similar kind with which the exhibitions of many years past have abounded. Thus it is with the *View looking from under the Portico of the Great Temple of Edou, Upper Egypt* (No. 378), and with the *Entrance to the Great Temple at Aboosimbel in Nubia* (No. 441)—works of colossal form and association, treated with the truest accord of sentiment. Not so entirely can we admire Mr. ROBERTS'S cathedral architecture. Here all seems new or re-decorated, and that after the cheap trumpery manner, as in No. 441: an inherent vice of effect for which not any amount of admirable making up or of natural daylight tone can compensate. *The interior of the Church of St. Gomer, at Lierre* (No. 202), ranks highest in this class.

Mr. STANFIELD is a painter of so much ability, and so universally known and appreciated that it would be superfluous for us to enter on any description of his style. He is almost uniformly up to a certain point of excellence within certain boundaries; and has seldom

been more thoroughly himself than in the *Scene in the Maas, near Dordt; Market-people waiting for the Evening Tide* (No. 131), and in the *Bay of Baiae, from the Capuchin Convent above Puzzuoli* (No. 326), in which latter, however, some want of Southern glow is felt. In attempting a delineation of the third scene in *Macbeth* (No. 67) Mr. STANFIELD has gone out of his legitimate province. As a landscape, it is far from being of his best, and is marred by the introduction of some stage-character in scenery and witches *apropos* of its theme; to the realization of which, on the other hand, nothing more subtle than this is brought. Mr. GEORGE STANFIELD is following worthily in his father's steps, as is testified by both his present works, especially *the Old Bridge, Frankfort* (No. 57).

Mr. LINNELL'S *Crossing the Brook* (No. 395), is a masterly production, delightfully English, and painted with equally sustained excellence. This artist's *Christ and the Woman of Samaria* (No. 474), we think more old-masterly than masterly. The tone of colour is decidedly disagreeable, and by no means oriental in appearance, and the figures are insignificant, and even worse.

The *Last Man* (No. 411), is one of the best examples of his own irresponsible style exhibited of late years by Mr. MARTIN,—a man who has certainly marked, or rather, perhaps, has himself been—an era in art. This attempt is a gigantic one, one that would have tasked him to the uttermost in his best days. Could the figures be away it would be greatly improved; for here, alone over the green shell-like rocks, fossilized and massed with corpses and skeletons, canopied by a red expiring sun, and the white stars and moon, amid vacant cities and wrecks of dead ships, we have the veriest masquerade-prophet, with deceased wife and child to match. In Nos. 954 and 976, Mr. MARTIN shows his power over the materials of ordinary landscape; and the result of the application of his imaginative style to common nature is, if not strictly correct, interesting and worthy of study. The idea of expanse is finely conveyed, and the sketches are successful in other respects.

Mr. DANBY lags singularly behind himself in *Spring* (No. 573), a specimen of his manner, not of his style. To make up for this, Mr. T. DANBY is at his best. *Snowdon from Badger Hill* (No. 598), is a landscape with meaning in it. It is silent from end to end. No life astir save a fox stealthy in the quietness, and a bird or two. The clouds sail on, inlaid like pearl, or like a fish's scales, and there is none to watch their passage.

Mr. HOLLAND seems to have resolved to be a painter this year, instead of a mere jotter down of the materials for painting. *On the Thames, below Greenwich* (No. 290), is singularly fine, with just enough peculiarity to make us like it the better, poetical in colour, in the moment chosen, and in the management of light and shade. *Venice* (No. 1064), is a worthy companion of this; and (No. 24) *A Morning Concert*, is an extremely elegant study. Mr. WITHERINGTON, too, is much in advance of his average in *Summer*, (No. 120), and *Coniston Lake* (No. 143), the latter showing far more character and feeling than usual. Messrs. BODDINGTON, JUTSUM, J. D. HARDING and BRANWHITE exhibit; and we remarked an original looking, and seemingly good picture, by Mr. J. J. CAPPER, hung very near the ceiling, *Lowdore from Waterend Bay, Derwentwater* (No. 508).

The portraits are distressingly numerous, more so, it strikes us, than for some few years past, covering in the great room, with but very casual exceptions, the entire space above the line. Their general character displays nothing to warrant so great abundance; the commonplace and unmeaning deducted, mere attempts at external copyism, more or less like, such alone as are capable of interesting the personally unacquainted are, indeed, briefly to be summed up. The best-known painters show but poorly, with the exception of Mr. GRANT, in No. 333, *General Earl Strafford*, a manly and impressive figure, portrayed without a particle of affectation; the portrait of *Miss Grant* (No. 126), is also pleasing, though somewhat feeble. Mr. PICKERSGILL is best in *Sir Robert Harry Inglis* (No. 181); worst where he makes a venture at the ideal in No. 85; his attainment limiting itself to a not very recondite Orientalism in title, *Nourmahal, the Light of the Harem*. Mr. KNIGHT is most successful in the portraits of *Robert Keate, Esq.*

(No. 79), and *Sir J. J. Hansler, F. R. S.* (No. 232). His system of washy carelessness is carried to a perverse length in the heads of *Mr. Buckstone* (No. 59), *Mr. Sidney Cooper* (No. 374), and *Mrs. Fitzwilliam* (No. 500); the latter altogether coarse and disagreeable. The *Portrait of Sir James Duke* (No. 182), is pompous and tinselly. Mr. WATSON GORDON does not distinguish himself eminently in any respect.

More remarkable than these, in a variety of ways, is Mr. WATSON's *Miss Virginia Pattle* (No. 257), which, in pose, colour, and accessory would be the extreme, were it not the excess, of simplicity; and thus the beginning of affectation. The shading of tints is after Mr. EASTLAKE's manner. A very engaging and beautiful study by this artist, in the miniature-room, *Adeline* (No. 941), is conceived with the purity of RAPHAEL's early works, and executed with the stamp in a vapour but here pleasing style.

On the whole, the best portraits of the year are from the hands of rising men; that of *Missa Ralli, Daughter of the Greek Consul* (No. 141), by Mr. HARRIS, perhaps the completest of all. The extreme beauty and elevation of the head are rendered in a thoroughly congenial spirit; and the deep blue background serves, in combination with the expression, to produce a degree of ideal intensity. The *Portrait of the late Mrs. Ansted* (No. 207), is equally characteristic. Very freely and boldly treated is the *Portrait of an Amateur* (No. 294), by Mr. E. WILLIAMS, painted cleverly and brightly, and with appropriate character. Mr. E. G. RICHARD'S *Portrait of a Gentleman* (No. 243), and of *The Countess of Ossulston* (No. 380), are excellent; the colour of the former strikingly solid, and in good keeping with the head. The *Portrait of the Duc d'Aumale* (No. 282), by M. MOTTEZ, is a well-painted and artistic work, slightly theatrical. That of *Mrs. Emes* (No. 75), by Mr. MOGFORD, apparently his best contribution, simple, and with a capital effect of light and shade—is hung almost out of sight. *The Love Letter* (No. 551), by the same artist, is prettily conceived. Among the remaining portraits, Mr. DICKSEE'S (No. 231), Mr. DUBUFE'S (No. 6), some of Mr. PHILLIPS'S and Mr. SAY'S, and Mr. SANT'S *Henrietta, youngest Daughter of Mr. Justice Vaughan* (100), graceful in action, may be mentioned with commendation; also some crayon drawings, especially No. 682, by Mr. L. DICKINSON.

Mr. LANCE and Mr. GREENLAND, whose fruit-pieces are exceedingly rich, soft, and bloomy, are the principal representatives of still life.

MINIATURES.

Mr. THORBURN is likely to raise this department of art into an importance both of size and of style hitherto supposed beyond its reach. His works of this year are among the most perfect, of whatever class, in the exhibition; full, not only of delicacy belonging to complete mastery of hand, but of grandeur, exceeding that displayed in any of the other portraits. So true is it, that the intellectual qualities of art are irrespective of size, or subject, or anything, except the painter's own mind and practice. Mr. THORBURN'S four chief works are characteristic of four phases of female beauty. (No. 850), *The late Lady Lindsay and Miss Lindsay*, classic and spiritual; (No. 866), *Mrs. D. Coutts Marjoribanks*, a perfect embodiment of simple beauty; (No. 882), *Miss Acland Hood*, grace personified—an exquisitely lovely composition, to the full sentiment of which the delicate tone of colour contributes as well as the action; (No. 907), *Portrait of a Lady*, expressive more emphatically of character. There are in these works a beauty unsurpassable, and a fulness of executive interpretation which leaves nothing to be desired. The artist's other four works are, if less wonderful, not less worthy of himself, the harsh unflattering manliness of No. 745, *George Foljambe, Esq., and his Son*, especially admirable.

In delicacy of execution, Sir W. C. ROSS cannot be excelled; and his feeling for sweetness and beauty is delightful. Of these qualities, *Mrs. Owain Creswell and Children* (No. 809), is a first-rate specimen. Mr. Carrick is well represented, with his decisive, but rather blank-faced, style; so also are Messrs. Couzens, Earles, and W. W. Scott. There is a tone of solemnity in Mr. H. T. WELL'S *Portrait of Miss Emma Allinson* (No. 705), the colour of which is very brilliant, with a kind of glory about it; and the position original. No. 793, by the same artist, has much of Mr. THORBURN'S character.

Nothing particularly arrested our unscientific eyes in the way of architectural design, except a few small and simple drawings by Mr. PUGIN. There are two designs for new edifices for the National Gallery, and one for remodelling the present building.

SCULPTURE.

It is not merely as a tribute to departed talent, but chiefly for the sake of its own excellence, that we turn first to the (now) late Mr. WYATT'S *Marble Group—a Huntress with Leveret and Greyhound* (No. 1294.) There is a playful elasticity in the action of the huntress, which speaks of her sylvan occupations. The repulsion of the dog, the dog's own excited and nervous grapple, the bright satisfaction with which the girl contemplates the dead animal, and, above all, the exquisite beauty of detail and finish, combine to make this the most perfect work in the sculpture-room.

In considering Mr. McDOWELL'S *Group of Virginia and Daughter* (No. 1295), regard must be had to the fundamental laws of the art to which it belongs: and how then stands its account? All works of art—unless part of a series—should contain their own explanation. Let it be granted that a certain fact is necessary to the development of a work of art, and it is obvious, if that fact cannot be represented or suggested, that the work is false, inasmuch as it depends on that fact. Now what has been done in this group? You observe a head on a neck supernaturally twisted in the direction of a long outstretched arm, at the end of which is a knife. What does this fury and distortion mean? You turn to the catalogue, and discover it to be descriptive of the way in which Virginia "devotes Appius to the infernal Gods;" but Appius is nowhere to be found. The troubled spectator may find some consolation in turning to Virginia, and dwelling on the tenderness of her beauty: yet this is not enough to hold him long; his mind will wander round the group to wonder what the bystanders' expressions may be, and lastly how Appius takes it; and then, finding no means of satisfying his natural curiosity, he will turn away with a sense of isolated insufficiency. This group, in respect of intention, would do well as part of a picture: but it is not sculpture. We notice as peculiar a single toe protruding from the bottom of Virginia's drapery. The *Psyche* of Mr. McDOWELL is tender in feeling, skilful in composition, and admirably modelled,—on the whole, the best instance of style we have seen from his hands. The face is perhaps a trifle too lackadaisical in expression; but we know the judicious attention this artist bestows on his marble works, and trust to see it improved when perpetuated in that material.

Mr. THORNEYCROFT'S *Alfred the Great encouraged to the pursuit of learning by his Mother* (No. 1299,) is mean in conception, false in arrangement, and feeble in execution. The Alfred suggests nothing more than "a page carrying a dish," so inappropriate is the action, while the only expression in the face is that of impertinence. The centre of the group, which should contain its strength and interest, is weak and hollow, the draperies horny, and the flesh of a poor emaciated character.

The unreflecting assurance with which artists undertake the holiest and most mysterious subjects, casts as little credit on their taste as on their humility as christians. When we see the Litany illustrated as in *The Suppliant* (No. 1304), by Mr. WEEKES, we should fail in our duty did we not protest against such a treatment—the looseness which suggested, and the corruption which developed it. A coarse woman, holding a child in an uncomfortable posture, and having one of her own legs indelicately displayed (suggesting the manner of certain French casts) looks upward, and supplicates a blessing on the desolate and oppressed! In a kindred spirit does Mr. WESTMACOTT represent Christ and the woman that was taken in adultery,—"Go, and sin no more," (No. 1320.) The sight of Christ sculptured thus—we refrain from stating the only comparison suggested—cannot but make the spectator ascribe to the artist either mental inanition, or an intention to insult others.

Two masses of clay having somewhat the forms of women, one reclining, the other kneeling and showing a face of puerile mimicry (No. 1305), are intended by Mr. CALDER MARSHALL to embody the deep and symbolic passage of Milton which hints at the last wails and gasps of a dying religion. It requires but small observation to perceive how far the artist has fallen short of his object. Taken even as merely ornamental,

the work is equally imperfect. The women have little of the delicacy, and none of the characteristics, we see in nature; and, if breadth is obtained, it is at the expense of all truth. Sad is it to note how this artist has failed to fulfil the promise of his earlier works.

A Youth returned from the Chase (No. 1306,) is by Mr. BAILY, whose eminent position in art alone calls notice to the work. The heaviness of this youth would warrant us in supposing that he could never be successful in the chase. His appearance is rather that of a bloated epicure than of a healthy forester; his features showing more of the mean and vicious traces of a heated debauch than of the frank wild glow of the hunter.

Nothing could indicate a greater dearth of fancy than the choice of subject made by Mr. LAWLER in *A Bather* (No. 1316); nor could anything be more affected in attitude. Yet an exquisite neatness of arrangement shows considerable knowledge in the minor qualities of art. There is a degree of nature throughout in the *Contest between the Minstrel and the Nightingale* (No. 1325,) by Mr. ADAMS, the legs particularly containing good drawing: but the figure is clumsy, and in an awkward attitude.

For unaffected simplicity and natural ease scarcely a work in the exhibition can compare with *A Marble Figure of Perdita* (No. 1328,) by Mr. S. J. B. HAYDON. Here is grace without effort, and sweetness united with modesty. The drapery is admirably arranged—possibly a little too thick—and cleverly carved. It is unfortunate that two fingers of the right hand, prettily as it falls on the knee, should be singularly disproportionate and lifeless; this being a point on which the light strikes forcibly, and one of the prominent means of conveying the sentiment.

There is elevation in the head of Mr. HANCOCK'S *Beatrice* (No. 1303), aided and sublimated by the starry circle round her hair: the position of the hands is simple and beautiful; and there is a forward movement not only in the figure, but in the face and the intent eyes, spiritually suggestive as well as appropriate to the action selected. The drapery, while hardly severe enough for the forms of sculpture, does not attain elaboration, being of rather coarse modelling, with the appearance of but occasional reference to nature. The work, however, is a striking advance—especially in meaning and mental expression—over all previously exhibited by Mr. HANCOCK.

The name of Baron MAROCCHETTI, well known, we believe, in Italian art, is here represented by a small statue of *Sappho* (No. 1297), of exquisite though peculiar character. The first impression of eccentricity will not be favourable: but manage to look beyond this, and there is a grace and charm in the work which will arrest not the eye merely, but the mind. Sappho sits in abject languor, her feet hanging over the rock, her hands left in her lap, where her harp has sunk; its strings have made music assuredly for the last time. The poetry of the figure is like a pang of life in the stone: the sea is in her ears, and that desolate look in her eyes is upon the sea; and her countenance has fallen. The style of the work is of an equally high class with its sentiment—pure and chaste, yet individualized. This is especially noticeable in the drapery, which is no unmeaning sheet tossed anyhow for effect, but a real piece of antique costume, full of beauty and character. We may venture to suggest, however, that the extreme tension of the skirt across the knees gives a certain appearance of formality to the lower portion of the figure.

The centre of the room is occupied by a sepulchral effigy of the late *Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, to be placed in the Choir of Canterbury Cathedral* (No. 1302), by Mr. WESTMACOTT. The head of the figure, though it smiles a little too pleasantly, is good—the hands bad: the rest is but mason's work, and, as such, cannot be noticed here: but it is cleverly disposed. In the *Model of a Statue of Prince Alfred* (No. 1292), by Mrs. THORNEYCROFT, the attitude is natural, but the execution hard and heavy.

The best busts are, as usual, by Mr. BEHNES and Mr. BAILY.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

ARTISTS and the public are alike busy designing mementos of the late Sir Robert Peel. Among the crowd none seem to entertain the idea that a grand national monument would be far more worthy and creditable

than a large number of petty erections distributed over the country. Among the monuments which are getting up, it has been determined by the inhabitants of Tooting and its neighbourhood to erect a column in his honour on the summit of Holcombe Hill.—There is now on view, at Mr. Hogarth's, in the Haymarket, a bust of Sir Robert Peel, in marble, by an Italian artist, not named, but who is said to have executed it "at the instigation of an early and intimate friend" of the deceased statesman. The artist has fulfilled a very difficult task with great ability, combining a noble copy of the fine features of Sir Robert Peel, with as much of the peculiar character of the countenance as possible. The likeness in this last respect does not strike so much at first as after a more attentive observation. Copies in large and small size are being made for sale.—The Emperor of Russia has sent commissioners to Holland to treat for the purchase of the valuable collection of Dutch paintings, formed by the late King William III.—Mr. Foley has finished a fine work in marble of Hampden, which is about to be placed in St. Stephen's Hall, in the New Houses of Parliament. It is heroic in size, and represents Hampden in the costume of his day, with a military cloak partly wrapped around the upper part of the figure, and the right arm extended and supported by a naked sword.—Mr. Brigstocke, whose portrait of Mehemet Ali formed so conspicuous a feature at the Royal Academy's Exhibition last year, is now engaged on a portrait of his Excellency Jung Bahadur, the Ambassador from the Court of Nepal.—Mr. Corbould, the artist, has received the commands of Her Majesty to paint a large picture of the grand coronation scene in the opera of *La Prophète*, as represented at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden.—Something, it appears, is at length to be done towards the restoration of Sir Christopher Wren's beautiful Church of St. Stephen's, Walbrook—which had, as the public too well know, fallen into a condition of decay that threatened ultimate destruction.—A large part of the fine collection of the late King of Holland's pictures has, it is said, passed to the gallery of the Emperor of Russia. The remainder will perhaps be sold in London.—Sir John Watson Gordon is now the denomination of Her Majesty's Limner for Scotland, the Queen having conferred the honour of knighthood upon that distinguished artist, one of the best and firmest of our portrait painters.—A model, in wax, of the Victoria Regia has been executed by the Messrs. Mintorn, and is to be seen at their establishment in Soho-square. It is executed with singular fidelity, and it presents a provoking imitation of this queen of the lily tribe in its various stages. The peculiar surface of the flower is rendered with singular accuracy, as is also the texture of the gigantic leaves. This is a most successful specimen in this branch of imitative art.

DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THE drama has been a blank. All the Houses are closed except the Adelphi and the Strand. Death has been busy among the actors; Mrs. GLOVER and Mr. MUNYARD are in our Obituary.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE has been rejoicing in the triumphant appearance of SONTAG in *La Fille del Reggimento*. It has been a great hit. She acted, as well as sung, the part to perfection: better than any we have seen save JENNY LIND, and we are not sure whether even JENNY was not surpassed, for SONTAG threw more spirit and energy into the character. It has created quite a *furore*. At the close she was called before the curtain, and received with a hurricane of applause, such as certainly has not been heard there since the reign of LIND. The "Black MALIBRAN," as she was judiciously termed, made her appearance for the first and last time. It was the fashion to call it a failure. We did not think so. The error lay in giving her a title that raised expectations too highly: to that she had no preface. She is not an actress, only a sweet singer—and not a dramatic singer; but with a capacity for expressing in very musical sounds pretty ballads and short lyrics, into which she throws a rare intensity of feeling. Had she been announced simply as what she is, the public would have anticipated nothing great, and they would have been charmed with strains sweeter and more expressive than they had expected. But so miscalled, a prejudice was roused which has probably assisted unduly to depress her. She cannot, however, but please in a concert-room.—A correspondent assures us that every succeeding representation has infallibly proved that the new grand opera of *La Tempesta* is a

work, both literary and musically, of a high order. Each *moreau* is hailed with pleasure, and the union of scenic effects and brightness of costume assist, of course, in giving completeness to the work of SCRIBE and HALEVY. SONTAG's *Miranda* may be now considered amongst her best achievements, and the *Caliban* of the great LABLACHE has been pronounced *per se* in conception and development. The *Tempesta* will be presented for the last time on Thursday, owing to the close of the engagement of CARLOTTA GRISI, which terminates next week. And who could replace her exquisite miming and dancing in the "gentle sprite," *Ariel*. Every night brings us nearer to the termination of the season; but as this event approaches, the direction is concentrating all its great means and appliances to produce extraordinary combinations. Thus, on Thursday next, besides the valedictory performances of *La Tempesta*, there will be selections from DOIXETTI's fine opera of *La Favorita*, in which Madame FREZZOLINI, GARDONI, and COLETTI, will sustain the chief characters. In the ballet there are the intellectual CARLOTTA GRISI, and the elastic AMALIA FERRARI, to illustrate the various novelties which are preparing for this especial occasion.—Meanwhile, for the first time in our memory, Her Majesty's Theatre is to be opened in October, for a series of grand national concerts vocal and instrumental.—In announcing these as projected by a society of most influential personages and wealthy speculators, the *Morning Post* of Tuesday last, promised that the scale of these entertainments shall be unprecedentedly superb, the engagement of artists, home and foreign, unprecedentedly liberal, and the selection of music unprecedentedly wide and choice (the two things being by no means incompatible).

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—With a spirit that cannot be too highly commended, this establishment is producing a succession of attractive novelties, in the bringing out of which no expense is spared, and all that art can do is done to secure success. *La Juive* was produced on Thursday. A more gorgeous spectacle has seldom been put upon the stage, not even excepting *Le Prophète*; the processions, and banquets, and ballets, were numerous. But these will not suffice to sustain popularity; that can be secured permanently only by good music and good singing. Now for *La Juive*, we must say that, with many points of excellence, it is not a great work of art; like *Le Tempesta*, it wants *airs*: it is too instrumental, too noisy; there is nothing in it which we carry home with us, and which haunts the memory afterwards. There are passages of wondrous harmony, and, under COSTA's command, they were given with a perfection which, but for experience, would have been deemed impossible—but it does not show the presence of *genius*. Still, its production is an event in the musical annals of London. Everything was done for it that ability on the part of the performers, and liberality on the part of the management, could accomplish. Its greatest fault was its length. At one o'clock in the morning it was still proceeding. Now we defy human ears to listen so long, and human limbs to sit so long, without weariness—especially in the dog-days. We trust the management will curtail it by one-third, and then it will run triumphantly through the short remainder of the season, to be revived, like *Le Prophète*, next year, with renewed and even increased enthusiasm. But it will not have the long life to which the latter is destined. *That* is a work for all time. MEYERBEER will live when HALEVY is forgotten.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—Mr. PEPPER has just commenced his second lecture on the "Apparent Contradictions of Chemistry." In this lecture the Professor exhibits many most astonishing experiments: among them he exposed the imposition of the fiery ordeal, and explained that, in course of time, and by the use of certain preparations, the hands and feet might be made to assume the condition of a non-conductor, and, for some time, would bear contact with red hot metals without sustaining injury. The learned Professor, having first dipped his hand into certain liquids, took out an egg from boiling water, and afterwards exhibited the astonishing feat of immersing his hand in boiling lead, the experiment being performed by first wetting the hand with sulphuric acid, which was kept in the liquid state in a freezing apparatus invented by Mr. MASTERS, of Regent-street, which were much commented upon by Mr. PEPPER during the lecture for their value, and uses for many purposes. The lecture was highly applauded.—The proprietors of the Polytechnic Institution, we may mention, have voted the sum of 100 guineas as their contribution towards the funds raising for carrying into effect the Exhibition of Industry.

PANORAMA OF CONSTANTINOPLE, THE DARDANELLES, AND BOSPHORUS.—Mr. ALLOM has suc-

ceeded in producing the most beautiful Panorama of the season. He has so well transferred the true spirit of oriental architecture to his canvas, that we hardly know whether most to prize his success therein, or his former success as a landscape-painter. In his new walk, Mr. ALLOM is likely to win much honour. The present achievement is very great. Streets, villages, cities, wilds, baths, bazaars, fountains, seraglio, gardens, the Dardanelles, Constantinople, and the Black Sea; together with the aspects of Eastern daily life, and Eastern natural developments of sun and ocean, and sky and wood, and dale and mountain. It is a delightful exhibition, we repeat, and which none, whether an intending tourist or not, should fail to see. The place of exhibition is in Regent-street.

There is now on view, at No. 11, Pall-mall East, one of the finest specimens of Mosaic pavement ever exhibited in this country. It forms the central portion of a piece thirty feet by thirty-five feet in size. The other parts are in Paris, but they are accessory only to the central figures, which form a separate subject complete in itself, and of extraordinary artistic beauty. The whole work was discovered in a perfect form some time since at Autun, in Burgundy, on the supposed site of a palace which tradition records to have belonged to the Emperor Augustus or to Trajan.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"MORNINGS AT MATLOCK."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—In noticing in your last the above-named work, the reviewer expressed a suspicion of having seen some of the stories in question in print already. I have not read the book of the ingenious "Art-Novelist," but I have observed, in a late number of *The Standard*, one of the stories quoted with great praise, which said story is an old favourite here. I allude to the legend respecting Fin McCool (an ancient Irish gentleman of high standing, being some ten or fifteen feet tall), which will be found by your astute reviewer in *The Dublin Penny Journal* (vol. 1, No. 14, p. 327, date, 6th April, 1833.) The *Journal*, too, has the advantage of being correct in geographical details, Mr. MACKENZIE having taken great liberties with Ballynascorney (the scene of action) by removing it some counties from its natural position. A good deal of amusement has been created here by the publication, in *The Standard*, of Mr. MACKENZIE's original tale.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

YOUR DUBLIN CORRESPONDENT.

Dublin, July 22, 1850.

NECROLOGY

OF AUTHORS, ARTISTS, AND PHYSICIANS.

MRS. GLOVER.

WITH deep regret we announce the death of Mrs. Glover. The distressing event took place at an early hour on Tuesday, July 16, and was, happily unaccompanied by any perceptible evidence of physical suffering. There is something inexpressibly shocking in the fact that on the previous Friday Mrs. Glover was in person the object of a great popular demonstration in her honour, and that on the morning of the following Tuesday she ceased to be among us. The first and most natural impression on the public mind will, doubtless, be that the excitement inseparable from her last appearance on the stage must have accelerated the deplorable event; and when it is known that for a fortnight antecedent to Friday Mrs. Glover had been confined to her bed, the impression would not seem ill-founded. Her medical advisers, however, state their deliberate opinion, that the nervous irritability arising from severe illness would have rendered it more dangerous to check the impatience she felt to keep faith with the public, than to yield, however reluctantly, to her strong anxiety. Mrs. Glover had announced that she would appear, and with thorough English courage she did appear. This long celebrated actress was born in Newry, Ireland, January 8, 1781. Her family, the Bettertons, are believed to be descended from the great Betterton, who flourished contemporary with Garrick and Quin. Our heroine, Julia, commenced her theatrical career at the age of six, and in 1789 joined the York Circuit, appearing as the page in the tragedy of the *Orphan*. She soon after played the *Duke of York* to the famous Cooke's *Richard the Third*. In 1796 the playgoers of Bath passed high encomiums on her *Juliet* and *Lydia Languish*, and the echoes of her praise reaching London, she was engaged by Mr. Harris at a salary of 12*l.* per week, which was afterwards raised to 15*l.*, 16*l.*, 17*l.*, and 18*l.*, for five years. As Elwina, in Hannah

More's *Percy*, she made her *début* at Covent-Garden, October 12, 1797, with immense success. A Miss Campon, from Dublin, soon became Miss Betterton's rival in tragedy, and drove her to seek unplucked laurels in a walk better suiting her genius; thus, henceforth, we find her rising in the higher walks of comedy, with only occasional impersonations of tragic parts. In 1797 a Mr. Biggs and Mr. De Camp both became suitors for the hand of the accomplished lady. She was relieved from this dilemma by the death of Mr. Biggs and the marriage of De Camp. At length (unfortunately for the domestic comfort of our actress) the suit of Mr. Glover was successful, and on March 20, 1800, she was united to him. By an engagement at Drury-lane she aided the genius of Edmund Kean, and performed an extended series of characters. At length, after a youth of honour in the chief parts of tragedy and comedy, she gradually descended into the *Dame Heidelberg* and *Malaprops*—no descent of talent or position, but, like the sunset, more glorious in its nearer approach to nature. So true were her impersonations of the peculiarities and beauties of damhood, that it will be long before their memory will fade. For several years Mrs. Glover had no equal in her theatrical walk; her Shakspearian readings also ranked very high. In private life she was long the support of her family.—*Globe*.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY WORLD.

SEVERAL books have appeared, which are beginning to attract notice. Of these are Mr. Max Schlesinger's *War in Hungary*—a work that throws much new light upon the late events in Hungary; and, although a very liberal and constant partisan of the Hungarian cause, Schlesinger shows that Görgey is not deserving all the condemnation that has been lavished upon him.—Mr. Baillie Cochrane's *Young Italy* is also talked of rather widely; but a friend assures us that the book is in itself only talk—and that of rather a vapid description.—Mr. Middleton's *Marmaduke Lorimer* is variously spoken of—we will, therefore, defer further allusion to it.—Miss Strickland has signed an agreement for a series of volumes on the Queens of Scotland, as a companion to her work on the Queens of England. She is to be liberally paid.—Paul Delanoche is engaged on a new work. The subject is the *Last Banquet of the Girondins*, so vividly described in Lamartine's History.—Mr. Calhoun's work on the Constitution, on which he has been engaged these four years past, was completed last December. It is soon to be published by his friends. Mr. Calhoun in this work develops his peculiar theory of government, by what he used to call "concurrent majorities."—Edward Everett, says the *Tribune*, is engaged upon a History of France, for which he has been many years collecting material.—Mr. Prescott, has recently finished stereotyping his History of Philip the Second, in three volumes, uniform with his other works.—Baker and Scribner are about to publish an edition of the works of Charles Brockden Browne, with his Life and Correspondence.

We are informed, on good authority, that the late Sir Robert Peel has left his papers to Lord Mahon and Mr. Edward Cardwell, M.P.—Apropos of Tennyson, gossip saith that a cottage near one of the Westmoreland lakes has been placed at his service; and that with his bride he contemplates removing there.—Miss Jane Porter's Library was sold at Christie and Manson's, on Wednesday. It consisted of 268 works, in which were included some good folio editions.—The melancholy fact—which has long been widely known—is now publicly announced, that "Dr. Buckland, the Dean of Westminster—the eloquent and the learned writer of the remarkable *Bridgewater Treatise*—is bereft of reason, and is an inmate of an asylum near Oxford."—Messrs. Puttick and Simpson sold during the present month, and for the sum of 43*l.*, a contemporary Manuscript of the works of Oceley the poet, and of other works of Oceley's time. The middle of the book contained the *Epistle to Cupid* usually ascribed to Chaucer, but which Ritson conjectures to have been written by Oceley. The date, May 15, 1463, is attached to a curious inventory of goods at the end of the volume.—A correspondent of *The Morning Post* suggests that there is a vacant space in poet's corner where a bust of Wordsworth may be most appropriately placed. It is just over Thomson's monument, and close to that of Shakespere and the bust of Southee.—Lieut. W.

N. Burns, the second son of the poet, has purchased the house in Dumfries in which his father lived and died.

—Mr. George Stephens, the author of the *Manuscripts of Erdely*, has been struck by ill health and reduced to poverty, and an amateur play is getting up for his benefit at the Soho theatre. Surely the dramatist who wrote the *Vampire*, *Montezuma* and *Martinuzzi*, will not appeal in vain for sympathetic succour.—The Pomeranian pastor, Meinhold, whose singular romances, the *Amber Witch*, and *Sidonia the Sorceress*, are well known in England, through more than one translation, has just been condemned to three months' imprisonment, and a fine of 100 thalers, besides costs, for slander against another clergyman named Stosch, in a communication published in the *New Prussian Zeitung*. The sentence was rendered more severe than usual in such cases by the fact that Meinhold, who appears to possess more talent than temper, had previously been condemned for the same offence against another party. The Hon. East India Company has granted an allowance during life, of 100*l.* per annum, to the gallant Major Herbert Edwardes, in consideration of his eminent services and the loss of his right hand.—The will of the late Henry Robinson Hartley, Esq., was proved in Doctors' Commons last week, and the property sworn under 99,000*l.*, the interest of the greater part of which princely sum will eventually come into the hands of the corporation of Southampton, for the promotion of literary and scientific purposes.—One curious fact has, says *The Athenaeum*, already arisen out of the proposal for the restoration of Chaucer's Monument,—which invests with a deeper interest the present undertaking. One of the objections formerly urged against taking steps to restore the perishing memorial of the Father of English Poetry in Poets' Corner was, that it was not really his tomb, but a monument erected to do honour to his memory, a century and a half after his death. An examination, however, of the tomb itself by competent authorities, has proved this objection to be unfounded; inasmuch as there can exist no doubt, we hear, from the difference of workmanship, material, &c., that the altar tomb is the original tomb of Geoffrey Chaucer, and that, instead of Nicholas Brigham having erected an entirely new monument, he only added to that which then existed, the overhanging canopy, &c. So that the sympathy of Chaucer's admirers is now invited to the restoration of what till now was really not known to exist—the original tomb of the Poet—as well as to the additions made to it by the affectionate remembrance of Nicholas Brigham.

A fine antique statue of a Centaur has recently been discovered in the grounds of the Villa Doria at Albano.—The fourth and last tube of the Britannia Bridge was safely and successfully floated in the Menai Straits on Thursday last.—A Mr. Dase is astonishing the natives by exhibiting a great and prompt mastery over arithmetical questions. He figures away in prodigious style.—A correspondent says it is expected that Lord Londesborough will be elected a trustee of the British Museum, in the room of the late Sir R. Peel; and that his Royal Highness Prince Albert will be appointed by Her Majesty as trustee, in the place of the late Duke of Cambridge.—The scientific world, in the United States, is much excited by the supposed discovery of Mr. Payne, by which he decomposes water in a mechanical manner, producing light and heat by the evolution of hydrogen and oxygen. A number of gentlemen proceeded the other day to his residence in Worcester to examine his apparatus, previously to paying him an immense sum of money for his patent right. They did not happen to be very scientific men, and came back as wise as they went. They found a cistern of water, a gasometer floating in it, and in his room a small cylinder, from which issued a jet of inflammable gas. No further explanation was made of the mode of producing it, as the payment of a large sum of money was required before the secret could be explained.

—The new French press law provides that all articles published in newspapers or periodicals shall have the writer's name appended. Literary men strongly object to the provision, but we can conceive no rule which would be more likely to raise their *status*. It will beget the practice of honesty, and compel some manifestation of consistency. Moreover, men will be identified with their doctrines and their sentiments, and what they do preach will gain in power and influence in consequence of its recognised individuality.—The

commissioners for the management of the Industrial Exhibition of 1851, have come to the resolution that Mr. Paxton's original plan should be adopted, with the addition of transepts and a barrel-roof for these transepts alone. The roof of the longitudinal portion is to be flat, as proposed in the first instance. The transepts will be useful as breaking the monotony of the long straight line of glass:—the keel-shaped roof for the transepts, though more costly than a flat roof, is justifiable by the reason that the additional elevation gained will permit the inclosure of a line of trees which stand about the middle of the space. The building is to be prepared with galleries. The following statistics will convey a notion of the extent of its capacities. There will be on the ground-floor alone seven miles of tables. There will be 1,200,000 square feet of glass,—24 miles of one description of gutter, and 218 miles of "sash bar;" and in the construction 4,500 tons of iron will be expended. The wooplo floor will be arranged with "divisions," so as to allow the dust to fall through. The contract has, we believe, been signed with Messrs. Fox and Henderson, of the Sunthwick Works, Birmingham, for the sum of 77,500*l.*

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

ST. GEORGE.

BY HARGRAVE JENNINGS.

NO. V.

THE FIGHT WITH THE DRAGON.

Pressed out in ruddy flashes, the last brands
Of tortured sunset sank. Wrapped in stern fires,
Day's outguard burned, unheeded and broken-wheel'd;
For that bright chivalry was struck! Then Night
Rose, sullen, and flung light amongst the stars!
Great gaping tom's, and hollow rocks, and sculptures
Prodigious shone in shadow-peopled light;
A new dawn down upon a darken'd world!
A cleft, as if in Atlas (daring mountain
That clouds his forehead against heaven) seems
To win in startled starlight; but it blackens!
There's tramp of man and horse; and, to a thunder,
The Knight, in glancing steel, spurs in his steed.
All's dark in scopeless vault: for, struggling on,
'Midst sand and splyxes, flats and columned streets,
A city subterrane that winds within!
The bowels of those dragon-haunted mountains,
No light is there save flashes faint, when breathes
Some distant Horror; animate and vast,
As stilled sense assures! He's on the wing!
That scale-engirded monster, whose wide jaws
Belch flaming sulphur, that the structures torch;
His den, abandon'd temple! On him, Knight!
Circle within his folds, and though he trail
That bosy length, like snake, or bind' st thine horse
In roped embrace that shall crush steel, pierce still!
From morn to night; from night till the whole cave,
Prodigious vault, shone as with brimstone light,
A new morn dull as eve, this combat held.
Three days fought Man and Dragon; but at last
His fires burned out, God-trodden: and then stars,
That else had wond' in that stupendous fight
(Which, rank'd colossi shook, and, as to earthquake,
Rock'd mighty plinths and eyeless demi-trunks,
Tumbling old Egypt's sculptures as a wreck)
Lit up a crown of glory; and the Knight,
Lying like lily on's ensanguin'd horse,
Was rescued to the sun; which once more broke
Bold over Egypt, and rolled off the clouds,
Sinking in vengeful volves, but to a mutter
As baffled thunder of a benten Hell!

SCRAPS FROM THE NEW BOOKS.

DANCING PHEASANTS.—Here our friend Mr. Thompson said he had repeatedly stumbled upon what might be called a "pheasant's ball," among the glades on the eastern flanks of the Rocky Mountains. In those grassy countries the almost noiseless tread of the busy birds; but the intruder must not be seen. "The pheasants choose a beech," said Mr. T., "for the dance, a tree with boughs, several on the same level, and only full leafed at their ends. The feathered spectators group around. Six or seven pheasants step on the horses feet (unshod) sometimes is not noticed by the trembling stage, and begin to stamp, and prance, and twinkle their little feet like so many Bayadères, skipping with *balancez et chassez* from bough to bough; or they sit with curtsey and flutter, arching their glowing necks, and opening and closing their wings in concert; but in truth, the dance is indescribable, most singular, and laughable. When it has lasted ten minutes, a new set of performers step forward, and the exhibition may last a couple of hours."—*The Shoe and the Canoe*.

BUT MY WORD SHALL NOT PASS AWAY.

A single-hearted, simple man
Stood by a river side,
And waited that the rolling flood
Might pour away its tide.
An eager-hearted, earnest child,
Kept by the stream of truth,
And wondered how that stream had run
Since time was in its youth.
The river rolled and wasted not;
The traveller turned aside;
The child became a thoughtful man,
And still he knelt and died.
'Tis past, and where the willow broke,
A field is green with sod,
Yet still that silent stream of truth
Is flowing forth from God.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

[Under this title a periodical collects and diffuses the information required or possessed by its readers on literary matters. A column of THE CRITIC may, perhaps, be usefully devoted to the same good purpose. Any reader requiring information on any topic, should forward his query, and readers who can answer it are requested to do so.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR—In THE CRITIC of June 15, in a communication headed "Another Curiosity of Literature," your correspondent "C. T. B." asks for information concerning Chênedollé, and for the original of *Ode to the Sea*, as translated by Longfellow.

The *Ode* I am sorry I cannot produce, but, for the honour of Byron, I can at least raise a doubt as to his having been the "highway robber" hinted at by your correspondent, and show that he is as likely to have been robbed, as to have been the robber.

The fact which seems to bring "C. T. B." to the conclusion that Byron *must* have been the thief, is, that Chênedollé was born in 1797, and so indeed he was, but he did not die then, nor till fifteen years after the publication of the fourth canto of *Childe Harold*, which contained Byron's sublime *Apostrophe to the Ocean*. Charles Pierrot de Chênedollé died in 1833, his *Etudes Poétiques*, which, though I am uncertain, very probably contained his *Ode to the Sea* in question, were first published in 1820; the fourth canto of *Childe Harold* was published early in 1818, two years previous to this, so that it is quite possible that he may have read it in the interval.

Thus, I hope to have shown that there is at least a chance of M. Chênedollé's being the *thief*. And to my thinking the balance is against him, for Byron was a poet very little given to using ideas, to say nothing of words, but his own, and where he has done so, he has generally added a note stating the fact. The same thing, however, for ought I know, may be urged in favour of Chênedollé, and to set the matter at rest, I should be exceedingly glad if you or any of your correspondents could produce his original with the date.

I am, Sir, Yours, &c.

SUUM CUIQUE.

Edinburgh, July 9, 1850.

Births, Marriages and Deaths.

MARRIAGES.

EDWARDES—SIDNEY.—On the 9th July, at Petersham, Surrey, by the Rev. James Sidney, M.A., Major Herbert B. Edwardes, C.B., 1st Bengal Fusileer Regiment, to Emma, youngest daughter of the late James Sidney, Esq., of Richmond-hill.

ELLIS—BIDWELL.—On the 27th July, at St. George's, Hanover-square, by the Rev. Woodward C. Bidwell, M.A., vicar of Potton, Beds., Frederic Charles Ellis, second son of Sir Henry Ellis, K.H., principal librarian of the British Museum, to Lucy Ann, second daughter of John Bidwell, Esq., of Parke-place, St. James's street.

DEATHS.

CARTER.—On the 20th July, at the residence of his sister, in Yorkshire, Mr. William Carter, late treasurer of the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, in his 73rd year.

JOSEPH.—On the 1st July, S. Joseph, Esq., R.S.A., aged 59.

MUNYARD.—On the 15th July, Mr. Munyard, comedian, of the Adelphi Theatre.

SIMMONS.—On the 21st July, in Gray's Inn-lane, Mr. B. Simmona, whose name will be recollected as that of a frequent contributor of lyrical poems of a high order to *Blackwood's Magazine*, and to several of the Annuals. Mr. Simmona held a situation in the Excise office.

WRIGHT.—On the 9th July, at Brighton, James Wright, Esq., S.C.L., late of Magdalene Hall, Oxford, author of "The Philosophy of Elocution" and "Readings of the Liturgy," and other works, aged 68.

BOOKS, MUSIC, AND WORKS OF ART.

RECEIVED FOR REVIEW,
From July 1, to August 1, 1850.

SOME errors in delivery having occurred, we propose, in future, to acknowledge the receipt of all Books, Music, and Works of Art forwarded for review, and which will be noticed with all convenient speed. Publishers and Authors are requested to apprise the Editor of any Works sent that may not appear in this List.]

From Mr. PICKERING.
Death's Jest-Book; or, the Fool's Tragedy.

From MESSRS. GRIFFIN and CO.
History of Greek Literature.

From Mr. RENSHAW.
Eisenbergh on the Diseases of the Feet.

From Mr. COLBURN.
Mornings at Matlock. 3 Vols.

Adelaide Lindsay. 3 Vols.
History of Religion. By John Evelyn. 2 Vols.

The Year-Book of the Country. By William Howitt.

From Mr. CHURTON.
Lives of the Speakers of the House of Commons. By J. A. Manning.

Decline of England. By Ledru Rollin. Vol. II.

From Mr. SHOBERL.
The Miser's Secret. 3 Vols.

From Mr. JOHN KING.
The Post-Office and Sunday Labour: an Appeal to the Good Sense of the British Public.

From MESSRS. GROONBRIDGE and SONS.

Two Sermons on the Duty of Keeping the Lord's-day.

The Garland; or, Poetry for Childhood and Youth.

From The Albion Office, Liverpool.

Treatment on Physical Education.

From MESSRS. SIMMS and M'INTYRE.

Two Old Men's Tales. By Emma Wyndham. "Parlour Library."

Castelnau. By G. P. R. James. "Parlour Library."

From MESSRS. ORB and CO.

Laws of the Revolutions.

Cases of the Cure of Consumption and Indigestion. By G. C. Holland, M.D.

Chambers's Papers for the People. Vol. III.

Cholera and its Cure. By Dr. Bushman.

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